

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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[SIXPENCE.]

REPRINT.

## NEW PROJECT OF NATIONAL CHARITY. — THE HOUSELESS POOR.

At length a movement has been made in the metropolis towards commencing the great work of Christian charity and benevolence in something like an active spirit, and with a beneficent and practical effect. On Monday was held a public meeting, at which noblemen and gentlemen of all shades of opinion joined, with a cordiality irrespective of party, to take noble part in the promotion of a purpose based on the pure foundations of humanity, and taking its impulses from warm and generous feelings of brotherhood, acknowledged brotherhood with the poor. The meeting was convened for the purpose of commencing the foundation of a series of national edifices to give shelter to the destitute—home to the houseless wanderer—a roof to the pale prowler of the night—the sick, the weary, the wretched, and the outcast, who have too long gone neglected by the community, and wanted—and wasted for want of—the sympathies of the competent and the rich. The new impetus given to the exertion of the charitable took its rise from the chivalrous spirit of one kindly individual—a gentleman of the name of Arber—who, fixing the attention of the press upon his humane plan, and putting himself boldly in communication with influential and public-spirited men among our nobility, gentry, merchants, and tradesmen, succeeded in forming a committee, and subsequently in calling a meeting, which is likely to be followed by the most beneficial results.

At the meeting in question were taken the wisest preliminary steps towards the establishing of general protection, shelter, and relief, not only to the destitute of the great metropolis, but eventually—if the principle be carried out with spirit—to destitution wherever it exists in England, no matter how remote from its mighty capital. At present the proposition has not gone beyond the erection of one grand asylum—but it cannot stop there; on the contrary, the initiative resolutions passed by the philanthropists who met upon this first occasion, contain instructions to the committee to call a general public

meeting upon a grand scale, to be held at Exeter Hall, and to be presided over—if the prelate accept the honourable invitation propounded to his sacred calling—by the Bishop of London, a natural and powerful protector of the holy cause of Charity, as one of the sacred heads of the Church.

At this great meeting we may expect a more glorious development of the virtuous purpose in hand than could be hoped for from the confined powers of the little band of generous Christians who on Monday last began their work of love. We may presume—and for the honour of God's cause let us not doubt the fact—that London's prelate will not be the single dignitary of the throne of charity that shall be that day erected in the palatial edifice in the Strand. Will there not be other priests at the altar and other pilgrims at the shrine? More and more of the high clergy of England will surely gather there; and the nobles of the land, and the magnates of its wealth and power, will not then forget the duties which bind the rich unto the poor, and shed upon wealth its lustre while they pour into the heart of poverty its hope. Now, we confess it would give us a supreme and glowing pleasure to find a noble system of benevolence—national institutions of charity—rising out of the adventing event. We shall be glad to find mitred priests and reverend pastors, dukes and marquises, coroneted lords, breast-starred warriors, naval heroes, the City merchant, the senate, and the bar, assemble upon the broad platform which is that day to support the champions of the else-despairing poor. Nor would the princes of England, and he who gathers so much honour and happiness beside the throne, mingle ungracefully with such a throng. For the mightiest and the richest in such a land as this should never show themselves regardless of the destitution that has suffered without its plaints reaching their ears—or its hidden misery intruding upon their sight—the moment those plaints have found echoes in the hearts of the public, and that misery has been made horribly palpable to the eye of the social world. Not knowing of a frightful poverty, they might escape with only that blame of conscience which

will suggest to them that they should have been seekers after so much want and wo—but, once knowing it and not relieving it, no censure could exceed their deserving—no picture of heartless moral depravity could overcharge their guilt. And now they can be ignorant no more. The press has sounded the tocsin of sorrow and made the wail of the needy heard in the halls of luxury, and has sent the wretched form of famine stalking into the dwellings of the rich. Hearts and hands *must* open now. The pale sleepers in the roofless parks and by the shelterless highways—the wan crouchers by the damp doorways of the streets—the shivering sufferers in obscene courts and windless hovels have had their far-spread destitution made a by-word of reproach to our national civilization; but Charity is throwing off its veil of apathy, and we are now aroused and ashamed. This good result has come, and will be vindicated at the Exeter Hall meeting, or the chivalrous assembly of Monday is a delusion and a scorn.

For the honour of human nature we will not think it so. We believe that the purpose it opened will be followed out—though we are deeply sensible of the amount of prudence, wisdom, and discretion required in the management—apart from legislation—of a new and grand system of active charity—a system which proposes to found institutions and to raise funds. We do not, however, fear the evil contemplated by the *Times*—namely, that a grand asylum in one district of the metropolis would have the effects of driving the poor into London for shelter and a meal. We think that more institutions would follow the first—that soon they would become suburban as well as metropolitan, and that eventually they would spread their principle into larger towns in the country, and the national benevolence become general and diffused. We look to this result with hope and joy; and we cannot doubt that large funds will be subscribed to follow out the initiatory steps that have been taken. And let it be the business of woman to help this good work. Her sympathies with helpless sorrow should be pure as virtue and warm as love; her gentle influence too can be most eloquently



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEMOURS, WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE ALBERT, IN THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR.—See next page.



used with the other sex; nor can the wife, the mother, or the daughter, better modulate the sweet music of persuasion unto ears that ever listen to them with delight, than when they attune it to the chords of charity, and teach it to wake kindness and benevolence in sterner hearts. At Exeter Hall let there be such an assemblage of generous English ladies as shall prove how well loveliness and kindness may harmonize, and that beauty need not be born without a heart. Next to the efficacy of the pulpit, and the personal exertions of the clergy, we look to nothing with so much confidence as to the tender influence and dear enthusiasm of woman, in achieving the object of the new good work that is begun.

And now, having performed our humble duty—in taking the part of the poor—a duty to which we will ever devote ourselves with untiring anxiousness and energy—we cannot bring this article to a close without thanking the magistrates and the press for the part they have taken in disclosing the destitution of the lowly, and the consequent duties of the rich, and paying a high tribute of regard to Mr. Arber for his individual benevolence, and to Lord Dudley Stuart, Lord Ranelagh, Sir De Lacy Evans, the Hon. S. Wortley, Sir J. Copley, Mr. B. B. Cabbell, Mr. G. R. Robinson, the Rev. Dr. Spranger, the Rev. Mr. Ward, and others who came forward with them on Monday to bring into practical efficacy a humane and beautiful project of relief to the indigent, and shelter to the houseless and forlorn.

#### SCENE IN THE LONG WALK, WINDSOR GREAT PARK.

On one of the finest mornings during the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Nemours to her Majesty, the Long Walk, in the Great Park, at Windsor, presented the gay and animated scene engraved upon the preceding page. The Queen and her illustrious Consort, accompanied by their royal visitors and suites, are on their return to the Castle from the customary morning airing; and the entire party are *enjoyé* with the picturesque beauty of the right royal domain. The locality is thus described in the "Journey Book of Berkshire":—

The Long Walk is generally considered the finest thing of its kind in Europe. A perfectly straight road runs from the principal entrance of the castle to the top of a commanding hill in the Great Park, called Snow Hill, a distance of more than three miles. On each side of the road, which is slightly elevated, is a double row of stately elms, now at their maturity—some, indeed, beginning to show signs of decay. Nothing can be finer than the general effect of this immense vista. The stranger who is tempted to pursue the road to its termination on the hill, is amply repaid by a most splendid prospect of great extent, and comprehending objects of powerful interest. He is now upon the ridge, whose continuation about a mile to the eastward leads to a spot which has given a name to the earliest, and in some respects the best, descriptive poem of our language, "Cooper's Hill." Windsor Castle appears almost at his feet; to his left is a magnificent expanse of forest scenery; to his right is the Thames, seen beyond the little plain of Runnymede, where Magna Charta was extorted from King John by his barons. The hills in the distance are those of Harrow and Hampstead.

In 1832 an equestrian statue of George III. was erected on the highest point of this hill. The figure terminates the avenue, at a distance of about three miles and a half from the Castle, and, of course, forms a prominent object at every step of the way. It is raised upon a mass of stones intended to represent a rock. The total elevation of the statue and its pedestal is more than 50 feet. The statue itself is twenty-six feet in height. The circumstance, however, of the gradual approach to it through a vista of very lofty trees, and the large forms of the trees immediately surrounding it, greatly diminish the effect of its gigantic proportions. Till the spectator approaches within a hundred yards he does not feel that the figures are of colossal dimensions. The likeness of the face to George III. is very admirable.

#### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Nov. 21.

##### SPAIN.

As I anticipated, those bosom friends—those devoted patriotic friends to their country—the Moderate and *ci-devant* ultra-Liberals, have not only fallen out, but are revengeful enemies. Narvaez openly intrigues against Serrano, and Serrano against Narvaez and the remainder of the partisans of Christina. The reasons given by the Moderates for this sudden change is the lukewarmness of the Government and the municipal authorities to find out and punish the miscreant who on the 6th fired at General Narvaez. The General greatly abuses the municipality for making no demonstration of satisfaction at his narrow escape, whilst an insult offered to a drummer of the National Guard was made the subject for special report. Narvaez has carried his anger so far as to deprive his country of his services, and has sent to the Queen his resignation as Captain General of Madrid; and that there might be no misunderstanding as to his real feelings, he refused being present at the grand banquet given by the Queen on the 13th, although he asserted at the dinner given by the officers of the garrison:—"I am inclined to believe that the *mauvais humeur* of Narvaez is not so much owing to the conduct of the municipality as to his jealousy at the increasing popularity of General Serrano, and the refusal of the Queen to receive the resignation of the Lopez administration." Narvaez expected that immediately after the promulgation of the majority of the Queen her satellites would have come into power, and he literally became the dictator of Spain. Fortunately for the Queen—fortunately for the country—the true friends to Spain have thwarted him in his ambitious intrigues, and sooner or later he must either quit the country or retire from public life. As a last effort, Narvaez endeavoured to influence the mind of the Queen—he read to her several letters from her august mother—he expatiated on the great necessity of a vigorous and determined Government. The only answer was, "I am satisfied with my ministers, I will not abandon them." Lopez, however—fatigued, harassed, and tormented by Narvaez—persists in retiring from office; he has even refused the Presidency of the Council without portfolio, and therefore a change in the ministry is almost certain. Already are the chiefs of the different parties in the Cortes recruiting their friends and intriguing for power. That, at the head of which is M. Gonzalez Bravo, held a meeting on the 12th, at the house of M. Bravo, and resolved that the present ministry could not continue to direct the affairs of the country, and that they would support a ministry formed by Olazaga, provided the other members professed those patriotic opinions. The democrats demand a ministry composed of Campuzano, Las Navas, and his friends. The Francisco de Pantista have a ministry cut and dried—the Bepartistas another; in short, the Government, the Cortes, and the country are in a state of confusion and disorder.

The insurgents in Galicia have been obliged to fly, whilst in Catalonia they still hold out. On the 12th a suspension of arms was agreed to between General Sanz and the insurgents of Barcelona, but on the 13th the fighting recommenced, and on the 14th Sanz was making immense preparations to attack Barcelona. I was not mistaken in discrediting the report of the submission of Ametler; it now appears that Ametler, who is at the head of 4000 men, has shut himself up in the Fort of Figueras. On the 12th, all the carts of Figueras and the surrounding villages were put in requisition to convey to the fort large supplies of provisions. Several hundred head of cattle were taken in, also a large supply of corn and rice. The garrison of Hostalrich, which was included in the capitulation of Girona, joined Ametler on the 12th. Prim, who has possession of the town of Figueras, has barricaded all the roads leading to the fort. Prim is greatly blamed for the facility allowed to the insurgents to concentrate themselves in a fortress which is provisioned for a long time. He expected that the surrender of Girona would have hastened that of Barcelona, but he has been deceived, for the officers sent by Ametler to Barcelona had a narrow escape for their lives, when they announced that Girona had capitulated. Several of the members of the junta of Girona have sought refuge in France.

##### ITALY.

Private letters from the frontiers of Italy of the 5th state that a large body of insurgents had congregated near Rimini, and sought to form a junction with the Neapolitan political refugees. The chiefs of these bands were staying at Malta, Corfu, and Cerigo. It is said that the insurgents intended to attempt a landing between Po and Marechcia. Ferrara was in a state of great agitation. A few days since a shot was fired at the box of the Cardinal Legate, in the theatre of Ferrara. The Directors of the Police of Rome had left for Bologna, in order to assist the Military Commander of that city. Five of the insurgents have been condemned to death by the military commission, and several others sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in irons. Much discontent was expressed throughout Italy at the consent given by the Grand Duke of Tuscany for the extradition of M. Viola de Bologna, one of the chiefs of the insurrection.

The sale of the magnificent and unique picture gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch is fixed for the month of March next, at Rome; the gallery contains, amongst other *bijoux*, some rare productions from such masters as Holbein, Teniers, Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Guido, &c. &c.

##### GERMANY.

An agent of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, the inventors of Atmospheric Railways, reached Berlin on the 12th, and proposed to the Government to construct the line of Lower Silesia on that principle. The minister has refused giving a decided answer to this application, but has consented that they should lay down a line from Berlin to Charlottenburg. Should this succeed, they will have the contract for Lower Silesia.

The rebuilding of the Opera of Baden is being carried on with great vigour; it is expected to be finished by the month of September next year, and inaugurated on the 15th of October, the birthday of the King.

On the 1st the subscription books for the construction of the Saxon-Silesian railway were opened at Leipzig, and the amount required immediately filled up. Thus this great line, which traverses Germany from west

to east, will be soon in a state of forwardness. The line from Bonn to Cologne will be opened before the end of the year.

The ex-King of Holland, with his wife, and a numerous suite, took up their winter abode at Berlin on the 15th.

FRANKFORT, Nov. 13.—A great reform is intended in the military affairs of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden. It consists in the establishment of a militia similar to the Prussian Landwehr.

##### FRANCE.

It is reported to day—but I doubt very much its truth—that a serious misunderstanding has arisen between M. Thiers and M. Guizot, and that the former gentleman has determined on the discussion on the address to attack the extension of the works at the fortifications, principally those at Vincennes and Saint Maur. M. Thiers says that he is desirous of declining all share or responsibility of such of the works as were not commenced or decided on during his administration.

The following statistical account of the foreign commerce of France, published in the *Moniteur*, will be found highly interesting. It embraces from 1827 to 1841 inclusive. Of the general commerce, the annual imports were, taking the average, 769,000,000fr., and the exports 785,000,000fr., making a total of the two, 1,554,000,000fr. Of the special commerce the imports were 548,500,000fr., the exports 568,000,000fr., and the total 1,116,500,000fr. In the special commerce the principal imports were cotton, silk, colonial sugar, and common woods; the exports, silk, cotton, woollen and linen manufactured goods, wines, and dressed skins. England during this period received 94,000,000fr. worth of French merchandise, and returned of her own to the amount of 70,000,000fr. The balance of trade with Spain was in favour of France to the amount of 34,000,000fr., and with Switzerland, 17,000,000fr. The interchanges of commerce between France and America, the German Union, the Netherlands, Tuscany, and the Roman States, were very nearly upon an equal balance. It was with Belgium, Sardinia, Russia, and British India, that the imports exceeded the exports. From 1827 to 1841, the receipts of the Customs amounted upon an average to the sum of 109,967,395fr., and since 1836 this sum has uniformly been exceeded. The amount in 1841 was 137,000,000fr. In the first five years of the fifteen the average was 107,000,000fr. only; in the second five years it was 120,500,000fr. The annual receipt for duties on imported threads was nearly 55,000,000fr. The Customs and salt duties gave an annual average of 164,873,095fr., taken upon the whole period.

Last evening it was reported in many circles that Abd-el-Kaier had fallen into the hands of the French: on inquiring this morning I found that no such news had reached the Government. On the other hand, this much is certain, that the Aga of Tlemecen, who was appointed by France, had deserted with all his followers, plundering every place on his road. He is believed to have crossed the Morocco frontier.

Count Molé is staying at Havre, from whence he will embark for England. Vicount Chateaubriand has left Paris for London.

The King of Sweden has sent to General Harispe, military commander of the Lower Pyrenees, the decoration of Commander Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword.

The following are the numbers of students who have entered during the present year the four principal colleges in Paris: Charlemagne, 780 to 795; Saint Louis, 960 to 980; Louis le Grand, 1086 to 1096; Henri IV., 740 to 760.

"The First Fireside," a social ballad, by J. A. Wade, published in the last *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, is literally going the round of the English circles in Paris. It is greatly admired, and, I have not the least doubt, will become popular on the Continent.

"Don Sebastian," by Donizetti, continues to be played to overflowing houses at the Grand Opera; its third representation produced upwards of 8000 francs. Our musical world is much divided in opinion as to its merits, but it is generally acknowledged that the composition of the Maestro is better adapted to the Italian than the French stage. The music in "Don Sebastian" throughout is melodious, but there are a great many reminiscences. The third act is rather *triste*, but the fourth is truly beautiful, particularly a trio—every night repeated. A rather amusing anecdote is related as connected with this trio. During the third act, one of our principal music publishers, Mr. S., treated for the copyright of the music with Donizetti—it was a hard bargain on both sides, and not concluded when the fourth act began. Mr. S. retired to the boxes, and believing that he was the fortunate proprietor of the copyright, he applauded the trio with all his might. At this moment a friend came into the box and informed S. that the Brothers Eschneider had agreed for the partition with Donizetti; the enraged publisher mounted *quatre-à-quatre* to the abode of the gods, and whilst the parterre were crying out "bis, bis," he belaboured with the full force of his lungs "Assez, Assez," and from all parts of the house was now heard "A la porte, A la porte." S. retired, but the trio was not heard the second time.

"Maria de Rohan" was most enthusiastically received at the Italian Opera. Truly, Donizetti is a mighty man. On the 16th of October, 1842, he brought out, in Paris, his "Linda de Chamouni," and on the 5th of January, 1843, "Don Pasquale." The 3rd of April, 1843, "Maria de Rohan," at Vienna; the 13th of November, 1843, "Don Sebastian," in Paris. Besides, preparing for San Carlo at Naples, "Catarina, Cornaro," in three acts; writing for the Imperial Chapel of Vienna a "Miserere," composed of several airs, duets, trios, quartets, choruses, &c. &c., in all 17 pieces, and composing an "Ave Maria," for five voices. This is what the *Maitre de Chapelle* of the Emperor of Austria has delivered to the musical world during the short space of 12 months. The activity of Figaro is nothing compared to it. Donizetti *la*—Donizetti *quid*—Donizetti *si*—Donizetti *giu*; *presto l'opera seria, presto l'opera buffa, subito il miserere!!!* Orme!!! uno a la volta, per carita!!! per carita!!!

The rehearsals have recommenced at the Grand Opera, for the ballet, at present called, "Les Caprices," the music by Burgmuller, Deldevez, and de Flotow—by the by, the opera in one act, the music by de Flotow, of which report speaks in the highest terms, will be brought out next week at the Opera Comique. I forgot to mention that Donizetti has dedicated "Don Sebastian" to the Queen of Portugal.

Shakspeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," put to music by Mendelssohn, has been performed four successive nights at the Baden Opera with the greatest applause.

Fanny Cerito has had an immense success at Rome, in the ballet, "Le Lac des Fées." She was well seconded by Saint Leon. Prince Poniatowski is now in Rome, directing at the Theatre Apollon his last written opera, "Invidia dei Lambertazzi." "I Lombardi," by Verdi, was most favourably received at the Pergola of Florence; the principal characters were supported by Frezzolini, Poggi, and Collini. Mariani, after passing a few days in Vienna, goes to Dresden, and from thence to Prague.

##### BELGIUM.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 15.—If we are correctly informed, the Government will propose the adoption of a system of differential duties. Its system is moderate, and has especially in view to encourage direct arrivals. We will give an example (choosing cotton) of the manner in which the ministerial plan generally proceeds. The duty on cotton will be five centimes per 100 kilogrammes when it is imported directly under the national flag, and 1 franc 70 centimes when it is imported by a foreign vessel. The Government, it is further said, will wait for the adoption of the system of differential duties to propose something precise concerning the organization of a society of commerce. It seems that in the budget of ways and means, which is going to be laid before the chambers, the net revenue of the iron railroad is set down at ten millions six hundred thousand francs. The revenue arising from sugar, with the new system of legislation, is set down at 3,200,000fr.

##### POLAND.

Letters from the frontiers of Poland announce that the Emperor of Russia intended shortly to publish an ukase, commanding the Catholic inhabitants of Podolia, Volhynia, and the Ukraine, either to embrace the Greek religion or quit the country, and allowing them only two years to comply with that order. At the expiration of that delay, the property of the refractory Catholics is to be confiscated.

##### RUSSIA.

Russia is determined henceforward to take no part, either direct or indirect, in the affairs of Greece. M. de Brunow has notified to his colleagues in London that it was his sovereign's will that he withdrew from the conference, and a similar notification was made in Paris by M. Kisseloff to M. Guizot on the 12th instant.

KONSTANZ, Nov. 9.—The Russian directors are employed at Pilsen in carrying earth for the enlargement of the fortifications of that place.

The German papers have for some time past been occupied with a subject which, in its remote results, may be of great moment, as affecting the balance of power in Europe. Russia is likely, at no very distant period, to influence the councils of Denmark more powerfully than Germany can even now anticipate without considerable apprehension. The only child of the King of Denmark is the Prince Royal, who is without male issue, which is also the case with the King's brother, Prince Ferdinand, the next in succession. After these, the next heir to the throne is the Prince Frederick William of Hesse Cassel, the son of the Princess Louise Charlotte, sister of the Danish King, and of the Landgrave William of Hesse. Prince Frederick William is married to a daughter of the Emperor Nicholas.

##### WALLACHIA.

A letter from the frontiers of Turkey, dated Nov. 2, published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 13th inst., states that, according to report, Prince Bibesco's long residence at Constantinople is caused by his desire to purchase the sovereignty of Wallachia from the Sultan. He is said to have offered for it 8,000,000 guilders; and the Emperor Nicholas is said to have guaranteed a loan to that amount, on condition that the Prince places the country in pawn for the sum, and receives into it a Russian force till the whole debt is paid.

##### HUNGARY.

Great riots have taken place in the Comitatus of Szatmar. The populace wished to carry the election of the Opposition candidates by main force. The Comitatus, however, annulled their return, and replaced them with others. When the Deputies arrived at Pesth, young Hungary accompanied them with a charivari from Pesth to Presburg. This charivari was repeated at night, and the Hotel of the Deputies was assailed with stones. A lay figure, or rather a Guy, was made, and the following questions addressed to it:—"Who is the greatest rogue in Hungary?"—"Who is the greatest traitor?"—"To these the mob replied, by shouting the name of the Deputies." Being driven away by the armed force, the crowd went to the residence of Count Jichy, and broke all the windows with stones.

##### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Papers to the 19th of September have been received, and deserve notice as conveying even more gratifying intelligence than the last; for the more formidable and disaffected leaders of the Boers are stated to have since assented to the proposals of the British Commissioner, Mr. Cloete. [We refer our readers to an engraving in a former number of our paper with reference to the Cape.]

##### AMERICA.

The packet-ship Oxford, Captain Rathbone, arrived at Liverpool on Sunday night, after an unusually fine run of seventeen days from New York. General Bertrand, who is on a tour through the Union, had arrived in New York, and was entertained by the French residents in that city with a dinner at Astor-house. The kindness which he experienced appears to have gratified him exceedingly.

At Laguna active preparations are making for hostilities with Yucatan, which it is thought would be shortly commenced. The harbour had been closed by order of Santa Anna, and no vessels arriving from Campeachy, either in cargoes or in search of logwood, were allowed to enter.

The yellow fever is raging with fatal violence at Tobasco, and had carried off a number of the inhabitants.

By the arrival of the fast-sailing ship Andorandach, Captain Hackstaff, after a quick voyage of eighteen days, we have received New York papers of the 3rd instant.

The cotton market was inactive, and there was no alteration in flour or grain. Ashes were in demand at 5 dollars 25 cents to 5 dollars 28 cents for pearls, and 4 dollars 50 cents for pots. There was nothing of importance done in the foreign bill market; bills on London were held at 108 to 108½, and on France at 5fr. 30c. to 5fr. 28½c.

In Canada, the Provincial Parliament was very active. A bill for the suppression of secret societies had passed in committee of the whole house. Another, for the prevention of party possessions, said to be aimed at the Orange societies, had excited very great discussion. They had also a bill before them for the regulation of steam-boats in the province, which forbids the use of high-pressure engines.

By an arrival at Charleston, from Havannah, we learn that the newly-appointed Governor of Cuba had arrived, and would be installed in office the day the vessel bringing the news left.

The *New York Sun* announces the loss of the steamer Sarah Barnes, and sixteen lives. It appears that on the 24th ult., at noon, she crossed the Galveston bar, for the port of New York. On the next morning a leak was discovered in the hold. At nine a.m., when about 75 miles from Galveston, it was found that the water increased on the pumps, and the captain determined to run her on the nearest shore. At half-past two p.m., the water, notwithstanding their exertions, had ascended to the fires and the engine. Further efforts to counteract the leak were unavailing, and to save their lives became the concern of all. They set about making rafts of the cotton bales—four bales to a raft. Orders were given to cast off the boat's painter, and while doing this she sunk, it being then forty-five minutes past four in the afternoon. There were on board altogether thirty souls—of these, eighteen went on the rafts, and twelve took to the boat. Of the former about five were saved, after drifting about three days and three nights. Two of them landed on Galveston Island, and the other three on Bolivar Point. Of the latter, but three perished.

A New York paper states that Illinois is now on the road to extraordinary prosperity. She has put her debt in train of liquidation. She has obtained the means of completing one of the most important public works in the whole country.

##### WEST INDIES.

The West India accounts brought by the Royal Mail Company's steamer, *Tweed*, are very barren of information. The Jamaica papers allude to the beneficial effect of the late rains. The crops were looking well, and two vessels had arrived with labourers from the coast of Africa. The House of Assembly was to be opened two days after the departure of the *Tweed*, but nothing had transpired concerning the probable topics of the governor's speech. At Demerara there had been a difference, amounting even to an assault, between the Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Clancy, and a priest, as to the performance of the ordinary service of the church, and this had been a subject of general conversation and controversy in the settlement. Commercially speaking, the prospects of the colony (Demerara) were improving.

#### LAW INTELLIGENCE.

##### COURT OF EXCHEQUER.

THE QUEEN V. SIR JOSEPH WALMSLEY.

This was an information filed by the Attorney-General, to recover back a sum of £4600 from the defendant, as money had and received by the defendant to the use of the Crown. Sir Joseph Walmsley advanced a large sum of money to a maltster named Armitage, and had in his possession a quantity of malt, the property of Armitage. An extent issued for malt duties due by Armitage, and the corn which the plaintiff held, and on which he claimed a lien, was seized by the Crown. The solicitor for the Excise, by letter, directed Sir Joseph Walmsley to sell the corn; and he did so, retaining the amount due to him, and paying over the surplus (a sum of £400) to the officers of the Crown. It was afterwards settled, by a case in this court, that the lien on property seized by the Crown could not prevail against the claims of the Crown, and Sir Joseph Walmsley was called upon to refund the money he had received and appropriated in payment of his own debt. There was a verdict for the Crown for the amount claimed.—On Tuesday the Attorney-General showed cause against the rule obtained to set aside the verdict for the Crown; and Mr. Kelly and Mr. Crompton having been heard in support of the rule, the court said that the legal point suggested when the rule was granted did not apply. The verdict for the Crown was therefore to stand, and the rule conditional was discharged.

##### COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH.

In the case of the Queen v. Forbes McNeill, the defendant appeared to receive judgment for an assault on Mr. Abel Smith.

##### ROLLS' COURT.

On Tuesday the arguments in the case of the Duke of Brunswick v. the King of Hanover were commenced, and occupied the court for several days; but, finally, judgment was postponed.

##### INSOLVENT DEBTORS' COURT.

IN RE CHARLES LOUIS DE BOURBON, COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE DUKE OF NORMANDY.

The Duke of Normandy was opposed by Mr. Nicholls for Mr. Barritt, an upholsterer, of Camberwell-green, and by a creditor in person. He was supported by Messrs. Cooke and Woodroffe.—The insolvent, whose singular claims to the throne of France have been before the public for some time, came into court on Tuesday, accompanied by the Count de la Barre, Mr. Pater, of Symond's Inn, his solicitor, and other friends. He professes to be the lawful son and heir of Louis XVI., who was thought to have died in the tower of the Temple. He is allowed to bear a very strong resemblance to the Bourbon family, and his mien and bearing are characteristic of his pretensions. The court was much crowded. His schedule is a somewhat extraordinary document. In addition to his claim as the Dauphin of France to the throne of that kingdom, he inserts all his right and interest in the Castle of St. Cloud and the Castle of Rambouillet, near Paris, and their several domains, which were purchased by his mother, Marie Antoinette, late Queen of France, and her private property, at a cost of eighty thousand francs. There is entered also for the benefit of his creditors, all his right and interest to the sum of about £262,000 in the hands of the English Government being the value of certain ships which were deposited with Admiral Hood by the authorities of Toulon in the year 1794, by way of trust, for the benefit of Louis XVII., the Dauphin of France. It appeared that he had been in custody in the Queen's Prison since March last, during which period he had been allowed by the court, from the unclaimed dividends, under the 118th section, the sum of £9. The aggregate amount of his debts was £5200 3s. 2d. Those twice entered were in all £241, leaving the debts for which he had received consideration £4959 3s. 2d. There were no profits and no debts due to him. His insolvency, or rather his inability to pay his debts—for he denied being insolvent—was ascribed to his not having been permitted to complete an invention for a warlike purpose, which he intended to offer the British Government, who had not satisfied his just claims in other respects, and to loss sustained in consequence of the seizure of his property by a creditor before the invention was perfected.—Mr. Nicholls examined the insolvent at some length, to ascertain whether there was any and what property which might be obtained for the benefit of the creditors. The result was that his title to the possession of the property mentioned in the schedule depended upon those papers and documents which related to his identity, signed by his royal father in the tower of the Temple, and which had been seized by Louis Philippe in 1836 when he was before the French public to obtain justice. The Court directed amendments required by the creditors to be made in the schedule. The insolvent will be then discharged.

#### COUNTRY NEWS.

ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—TURN-OUT OF POWER-LOOM WEAVERS.—The weavers in the employ of Messrs. Bayley, of Stalybridge, turned out on Friday morning, for an advance of one penny per cut. The hands still continue out. The turn-out at Messrs. Rayner's, of Ashton, still continues. Some few, however, have gone in, but have had to be guarded to and from work by the police. In consequence of many of the turn-outs congregating in the public streets, the deputy constable has issued bills, giving notice that any person obstructing the footpath will be proceeded against according to law.

BIRMINGHAM.—COMPLETE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT.—The Executive Council of the Complete Suffrage Union met at Birmingham on Monday afternoon, the President in the chair. The sub-committee, to whom it was remitted to consider the best mode of obtaining the support of the constituencies to Mr. Crawford's proposal to move amendments that the supplies be withheld until the grievances of the people are heard and redressed, reported that they had considered the subject, and had resolved to recommend—that the electors and non-electors in every borough should send distinct memorials, requesting their representative vices in Parliament to give effect to it.

AFFRAY WITH POACHERS.—We regret to learn that a serious affray, be-



tween Lord Galloway's gamekeeper and a party of poachers, took place on the farm of Penkell, in Scorbie parish, on Monday night last. It appears that on that night Mr. Wright, his lordship's head gamekeeper, while on his rounds with five assistants, fell in with a party of eight poachers, engaged in "netting" hares. They were armed with pitchforks and sticks, and had a double-barrelled gun among them, part of them having also their coats turned to prevent detection. The keepers having captured one of them, his companions made a desperate attempt at his rescue, in which they succeeded, having, we regret to learn, struck down and severely wounded Mr. Wright on the head and different parts of the body.

**BERKSHIRE.—ANOTHER INCENDIARY FIRE AT TILEHURST.**—On Friday se'night a fire broke out at Church-end Farm, Tilehurst, about three miles from Reading, and in a short time destroyed a barn full of wheat, the stables, in which were four horses, all of whom were burned to death, the outbuildings, and several pigs. There cannot be a doubt that the miscreant who set fire to the Barefoot's Farm, in the same parish, about a mile and a half distant, about a week before, committed the crime on Friday night. A very bad feeling evidently exists in this extensive parish, and great alarm is felt by all owners of agricultural property.

**ACCIDENT AT THE MANCHESTER THEATRE.**—On Friday se'night, *The Tempest* was performed at this theatre. As Miss Gardner, who played *Ariel*, was in the first scene swinging at some distance above the stage, the wire by which she was suspended snapped, and she was precipitated to the ground. She was not slightly injured.

**OLDHAM.**—A great portion of the mill of Mr. John Lees, Primrose-hill, Oldham, together with a considerable quantity of valuable machinery, were consumed on Thursday se'night, by a conflagration, the cause of which remains at present unknown, but it is believed to have been accidental. The property destroyed is estimated at about £5000.

**RUTLAND.**—On the night of the 16th an incendiary fire occurred on the premises of Mr. Henry Stinson, Craven Hotel, Oakham; and on the night of the 11th several stacks of wheat, barley, and oats, and a quantity of hay and straw, were willfully destroyed by fire at Castle Farm, Tattersall, Lincolnshire; a reward of £50 for discovery has been offered by Earl Fortescue, a further reward of £50 by Mr. Cork Faulkner, the tenant, and her Majesty's pardon is also promised to any person for such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction of the incendiaries.

**SALISBURY ELECTION.**—The contest for the representation of Salisbury has been hitherto marked with the greatest activity and excitement. The leading members of the Anti-Corn-law League have been for several days in the city, daily addressing crowded audiences. Such was the apprehension of violence on the part of the opposite party, that they applied for a body of the London police and a troop of cavalry, to ensure the protection of the voters. The prominent supporters of Mr. Bouverie, the free-trade candidate, and son of Earl Radnor, on the other hand, allege that London prize-fighters and notorious brubbers have been imported to Salisbury by the friends of Mr. Campbell, the Conservative candidate. The nomination took place on Wednesday, when the candidates having addressed the electors, a show of hands was taken, which was declared to be in favour of Mr. Bouverie, and a poll was demanded on behalf of Mr. Campbell, which commenced on Thursday morning at eight o'clock.

| CLOSE OF THE POLL.    |     |
|-----------------------|-----|
| Campbell              | 318 |
| Bouverie              | 267 |
| Majority for Campbell | 51  |

**ST. ALBAN'S.**—At a meeting of the corporation of St. Alban's, on the 9th inst., Mr. Alderman William Langley was unanimously elected Mayor of the borough for the ensuing year.

**STATE OF SOUTH WALES.**—The Special Commissioners have been in Haverfordwest prosecuting their inquiries into the grievances of which the people complain in this district since Monday. Their inquiry was conducted in the grand jury-room in the Town-hall. A number of persons have been before them detailing their grievances, which, however, eventually all resolve themselves into one—the abject poverty of the people. The commissioners proceeded to Narberth on Saturday, to Newcastle Emlyn on Monday, to Cardigan on Wednesday, and they were to be at Aberystwith yesterday.

**THE STATE PROSECUTIONS.**—The scenes of these memorable prosecutions will be recorded by other aid than that of the pen; artists are seated in every nook, busy in conveying the features of the scene to those far away; and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has commissioned the eminent artist Mr. Jones, of Cannon-row, London, to limn the visages of judges, jury, counsel, conspirators, and all concerned. Much amusement was caused to the unemployed members of the bar as they recognised the features of their elder and more celebrated brethren growing into life beneath the artist's pencil.—*Times*, November 20.

**SOIREE MUSICALES.**—Madame Dulcken, the accomplished pianiste, gave the first of these delightful treats, on Wednesday night, to a numerous assemblage of her friends and patrons at her residence in Harley-street. The bill of fare was rich in the extreme—some of the choicest morceaux of Mozart, Hummel, Mendelssohn, and Weber, being served up with a gusto that was relished highly by "a company of excellent palate." Weber's "Sonata in D Minor," and Mozart's quartet (the 6th) were gems of the highest value. Madame Dulcken, in the former, and Mr. Willey, in the latter, performed most exquisitely. M. Moscheles, in his quiet and unobtrusive manner, conducted the concert like that which he is—a perfect musician and a modest man.

**FIRE AT LUTON HOO.**—On Friday, an address, numerously signed by the inhabitants of Luton, was presented to the Marquis of Bute, sympathising with his lordship on the destruction of his princely mansion, and congratulating him on the rescue of the splendid pictures and valuable library. The noble marquis, in reply, thanked his neighbours, of all classes, for having exposed their lives in the preservation of his property; and his lordship took occasion to contradict the report of the labourers having broken open the cellars at Luton; adding his belief, that "there never was an occasion on which the working-classes, both men and women, exerted themselves more thoroughly and corollally."

We understand that Mr. Duncan McNeill, Lord Advocate for Scotland, has been elected Dean of the Faculty by a large majority. This is the only instance of such an honour having been conferred on a Lord Advocate since the time of Lord Melville.

## EPITOME OF NEWS.

The American Government has recently set the Admiralty an example by naming a fine first-class corvette, just launched at Pittsburg, the "Portsmouth."

An unusual activity, a correspondent informs us, prevails amongst the friends now in London of the ex-Régent of Spain; additions from Spain have been made within the last few days to their numbers.

A number of German emigrants, male and female, arrived at Hamburg lately on their way back from Pennsylvania. They were chiefly natives of Baden. They found they had been greatly deceived in their expectations of the transatlantic world.

The Minister of Justice at Amsterdam acting *ad interim* as Minister of Finance, gives notice that the amount of Treasury notes issued, up to the end of last month, was 11,996,000 florins.

Friday week the celebrated Debating Society in Dublin, called the Historical Society, conspicuous in the annals of Irish eloquence, and which, after an existence of half a century, had been dissolved in 1815, was revived.

The Insolvent Court was closed on Saturday, in consequence of a sudden and serious illness with which the Chief Commissioner (Reynolds) was attacked.

During the last month some very extensive purchases have been made in Ireland of bulls, milch cows, and ewes, of the best breeds the country can produce, on account of the Belgian Government, for the purpose of improving their own breeds, which are of a very inferior quality compared with those of England.

All the principal carriers to Liverpool have had a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of closing their establishments on Saturday afternoon.

On Saturday a coroner's inquest was held on the body of Mr. Peake, one of the Queen's messengers, who had died suddenly on Wednesday last, when the jury returned a verdict of "Died from Apoplexy."

During the last week, an enormous whale has been visiting our coast in search of herring, its favourite food, and was distinctly seen on Sunday morning in the Downs, sending up its natural fountains.

The *Limerick Reporter* states that Mr. Carte, on the part of the Customs, applied to the magistrates for the summons, under the new Arms Act, against the master of the ship William Frazer, from London, now under seizure for having concealed in that vessel some guns, swords, and pistols, and importing the same without the necessary license. The application was granted.

Lord Rokeby has returned 10 per cent. at his recent audit to his tenants on his estates in the north.

The amount of cash expended by the army in Ireland last year was half a million sterling.

On Saturday morning the Fairy, Woolwich steam-boat, was moored off the General Penitentiary, Millbank, to receive on board nearly 100 male convicts, who, after sentence, had been sent to the Penitentiary for classification previous to being sent abroad. The convicts, who were handcuffed two-and-two, were soon on board, and the Fairy started for the Hulk, at Woolwich.

The Rev. J. J. Taylor has been appointed President of the Roman Catholic College of Carlow.

The first cargo of the new cotton crop arrived at Liverpool, by the ship Kilby, Captain Maie, from New Orleans on Friday last.

It gives us the greatest pleasure to hear that the Hon. Mrs. Ramsden, the Earl Fitzwilliam, and the other trustees of Sir John Wm. Ramsden, Bart., have most liberally consented, in answer to a memorial presented to them by the Vicar of Huddersfield, to afford facilities for the erection of four additional churches in that large parish. They have not only allotted sites, but have also promised £2000 towards the erection of each church.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Inverness, Nov. 18:—"Lieutenant Munro passed through this town yesterday, on his way to visit his venerable father in Tain, previous to surrendering to take his trial at the forthcoming sessions of the Central Criminal Court, in reference to the late unfortunate duel with Colonel Fawcett. He landed from a Hamburg steamer at Hull on Friday last."

According to a Berlin letter of the 10th instant, in the *Journal de Frankfort*, the illness that placed the life of Prince Albert of Prussia in danger was a schirrus of the liver, which, however, has been cured by perseverance in the homoeopathic treatment, in which his Royal Highness has, it is said, great confidence.

The Custom-house authorities at Lisle have discovered quite a new commodity on which to put an import duty—the bones of Saints, the remains of departed holiness, the relics of cardinals or popes, &c.

We are informed that the out-pensioners are to be immediately placed in an efficient state of exercise, and are to be in a short time called out for permanent duty.

It is in contemplation to make a branch railway from the Pangbourne station, on the Great Western line, to the town of Newbury, a distance of between fourteen and fifteen miles.

A Prospectus has been issued of a new railway from Harrogate and Knaresborough, to form a junction with the York and North Midland line at Bolton Percy station.

Tuesday last was the anniversary of the birthday of her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, Victoria Adelaide Louise, who completed her third year.

The French Mint has just struck a very fine medal, in commemoration of the visit of the Queen Victoria to the Chateau d'Eu. On the obverse is the profile of the young Sovereign of Great Britain, and on the reverse the following legend:—"M. M. Victoria, Reine d'Angleterre, visite S. M. Louis Philippe, Roi des Français, au Chateau d'Eu, en Septembre, 1843."

On Monday morning Surgeon James Dillon committed suicide by precipitating himself from the second floor window of his residence in Dominick-street, Dublin.

A mass of solid native copper, 6000 lbs. weight, from the United States, coast of Lake Superior, is on its way to the National Institute at Washington.

A notice from the Irish Office of Ordnance has just been issued, requiring proposals for the conveyance of stores by land-carriage to and from Dublin, and the several stations in Ireland, during a period of one year from the 1st of January next.

The Earl of Harewood has given £300 to the subscription for the restoration of York Minster.

The office of curator and surveyor of the National and Royal Picture Galleries, and secretary to "the Royal Commission on the Fine Arts," has been given to Charles Locke Eastlake, R.A.

We are happy to state, that by a recent convention arrangements between the Post Offices of England and Holland have been established, which secure to both countries a liberal reduction of postage.

M. C. Fermond has laid a communication before the Academy of Sciences, in which he believes he has proved that the cause of sound is a spiral motion given to the air.

The working men of Edinburgh have commenced a movement to establish baths on a grand scale for their own use in that city. They are to hold a public meeting for the purpose under the auspices of Lord Dunfermline.

Mr. Hutt, M.P. (according to a report of the proceedings of the Gateshead Free-trade Society), intends voting in favour of Mr. Villiers's motion for a repeal of the corn laws in the next session of Parliament.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol held a confirmation at Cheltenham on Tuesday.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Tamworth was held at the Town-hall, on Tuesday last, for the purpose of considering and arranging plans for the reception of the Queen and Prince Albert, on their anticipated visit to Drayton Manor, the seat of Sir R. Peel, Bart.

The post of Lieutenant-Governor of Chester Castle, which has become vacant by the demise of General Sir John Fraser, will not be filled up.

## LITERATURE.

### THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1844.

Rigdom Funnidos's Budget for the coming year is, all things considered, as attractive as ever. True it is that other wits, whose province it is to "shoot folly as it flies," have occasionally anticipated the patriarchal Rigdom in cooking up his almanack; and the arrangement is scarcely so unique in editorial *marqueeterie* as in former years. Nevertheless, "the Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest" for 1844 is rich in original drollery and humour from beginning to end. The public follies—flagrant enough, it must be owned—are unsparingly ridiculed; and the weak points of private life are pleasantly quizzed. We quote a few specimens.

### TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR.

#### THE TAX ON PROPERTY.

There's a something agreeable in the idea  
Of having for income "Ten Thousand a-Year."

But property, while it possesses its beauties,  
Is burdened not only with rights but with duties.  
It well may be said that the strongest of backs  
Is bent with the weight of the Property Tax.  
"Ten Thousand a-Year" is expected to sport  
A carriage of every conceivable sort;  
A britchka, a Clarence, landau, and piletum,  
He must purchase as fast as the makers invent 'em.  
Each vehicle fashion compels him to take,  
Till "Ten Thousand a-Year" is reduced to a break.  
Of lazy domestics, in livery and out,  
A tribe must be kept to be lounging about,  
On wages exorbitant, though, it is true,  
They've nothing on earth—but their master—to do.  
The larder, as well as the pockets, they clear:  
'Tis part of the tax on "Ten Thousand a-Year."

The blessings of wealth would be given in vain,  
To one who'd not swim all his friends in champagne;  
His dinner must needs be the talk of the season,  
As feasts of what'er can be thought of—but reason.  
As a liveried lackey, perchance, there may wait  
Some usurer, having a lien on the plate;  
Who will not allow it to pass from his sight,  
Although to its owner 'tis lent for the night:  
The usurer gracefully keeps in the rear,  
Not to mar the effect of "Ten Thousand a-Year."

Then balls must be given the *salons* to fill,  
And ruin be met in a graceful quadrille:  
'Tis sweet, 'e'en on bankruptcy's margin to stand,  
While lulled by the music of Colliet's band,  
Such luxuries can't be accounted as dear  
To one who's possessed of "Ten Thousand a-Year."

Without a town mansion, a park, and a seat,  
The rich man's establishment is not complete;  
But, still, on an annual tour he must roam;  
His house must on no account serve for his home;  
For servants, his comforts may no very well  
He must wander abroad to some foreign hotel:  
When the season is over, in town to appear  
Would be *très mauvais goût* of "Ten Thousand a-Year."

Extravagant family, daughters and sons,  
With distant connections who pester the duns,  
(In the strength of the fact that their wealthy relation  
Can't suffer their wants to reflect on his station—  
The family's dignity, honour, and pride;  
And with a heavy encumbrance beside,  
Of which but a few on the surface appear,  
All make up the tax on "Ten Thousand a-Year."

The squibbery upon the "things fitting" for an almanack is very smart; *ex. gr.*—

**PREDICTIONS FOR JANUARY.**—In examining the horoscope, it seems to embrace a wide scope of horrors. There will be dark days for England, which we must be prepared for by lighting candles. After New Year's Day there will be many broils, and Turkey will be torn to pieces by domestic violence.

**THE GARDEN.**—If anything is done in the garden at this time of the year, perhaps the best thing will be to run about in it. Do not attempt to move any of your trees, but keep your junior branches moving as much as possible. This is the best time to take your shrub in-floors; but it should be rum-shrub, watered in moderation, and taken at night over a cheerful fire.

### DECISIONS IN HILARY TERM.

The property in a lodger's possession may be seized for rent due from a tenant, but it does not appear that the lodger's self-possession can legally be taken away from him.

A flaw in the lease will not always let in the heir, but the air is frequently let in by a *flaw* in the building.

When a conveyance has already sufficient parties, it has been held that the remainder-man may be shut out. This was decided in the case of *Fodger versus the driver and conductor of the Atlas omnibus*.

If a party offers to pledge himself, *semble*, that a pawnbroker cannot be compelled to take him in, though it is done frequently.

It is not yet decided whether the new act for the protection of the Queen's person, which inflicts a penalty for presenting firearms at the Queen's person, does or does not extend to the sentinels on duty, who present arms at her Majesty whenever she leaves the palace.

The New Poor Law Act, prohibiting all out-door relief, does not apply to trees, which may be re-leased out of doors at the usual period.

It is a question whether, by the recent law, which says that all children under five are to be carried gratuitously in any stage-carriage, a mother may insist on claiming free passage for four children by any public conveyance.

It has been decided that the act giving the net proceeds of a slave ship to the captors, does not mean that they are only entitled to the fish caught in nets on board the vessel.

The Court of Queen's Bench has declared that a minor under the age of ten years cannot legally be a miner since the passing of the Mines and Collieries' Regulation Act.

### PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

Patents will, it is expected, be granted—

To Sir R. Peel, for a new and most efficacious manner of sweeping by machinery, as exemplified in his very sweeping machinery of the Income Tax.

To Lady Sale, for carrying Britannia metal to a high degree of perfection.

To Drs. Newman and Pusey, for an entirely new method of introducing heat into churches.

To Lord Brougham, for the application of rotatory motion, with a view to obtaining power.

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for an extension of the use of the screw, so as to augment its pressure.

To the Poor Law Commissioners, for a new method of diminishing pauperism by reducing the number of paupers; and also for an improved process of gridding.

To Daniel O'Connell, for a most effectual method of draining Ireland.

### FACTS WORTH REMEMBERING.

**IN JANUARY.**—That on the 8th, fire insurance policies must be attended to; and that, although honesty is the best policy, it will not be available in case of fire.

**FEBRUARY.**—That, on the 7th, Dr. Maskelyne died; but as we do not know how to pronounce an opinion on this Maskelyne, it is better for us to remain neuter.

**MARCH.**—That the month is a stormy one at sea, causing leaks in ships; and that, on the 1st, being St. David's day, leaks are worn in the hat by Welshmen.

**APRIL.**—That the assessed-tax papers are delivered early in the month and that not even the vainest of us is then disposed to overrate himself.

**MAY.**—That, on the 14th, vaccination was first used, in 1796; and that, while it saved many from being pitted with the small-pox, the invention itself may be pitted against any other.

**JUNE.**—That the sun is before the clock on the 7th, which may be remedied by placing the clock before the sun. *Mem.* It will do no good to place it before the fire.

**JULY.**—That the days decrease in the course of the month; and that, on the 5th of July, 1830, Algiers lost a Dey altogether.

**AUGUST.**—That Napoleon was born on the 15th, and Andrew Marvel on the 16th, but that the former was really a greater marvel than the latter.

**SEPTEMBER.**—Your grapes will now begin to want looking after. If you do not bag them yourself, and your vine happens to be in an exposed situation, you may expect that some one will come and bag them for you.

**OCTOBER.**—That melons can only be raised in hotbeds; and, of course the hotter the bed the better the melons. Some fruit gardeners recommend a layer of cinders; but red-hot ashes, enclosed in a warming pan, will heat your bed quicker than anything. It is usual to cover the bed over with a frame, with panes of glass in it; a good thick counterpane would perhaps be more effective.

**NOVEMBER.**—The 5th is Guy Fawkes' day, which is commemorative of an attempted blow up; and that the 9th is Lord Mayor's day, which is devoted to an annual blow out.

**DECEMBER.**—That the close of the year is the proper time to begin a system of keeping accounts, for you will have plenty of accounts sent in to enable you to commence keeping them.

### POPULAR ERRORS.

Sandwich is not famous for its Sandwiches.

Venetian blinds are not imported from Venice.

The captain of a steamer, when at his post, is not a post-captain.

The sword of justice cannot be made sharp without the application of blunt.

It is an error to suppose that the stature of man is diminished, for the length men go to in the present day was never surpassed. The tallest men are to be found in Lankashire.

Jerusalem artichokes do not come from Jerusalem. They are not called artichokes because any one who makes a hearty meal on them will run the chance of being choked.

It is a vulgar error that beer is turned sour by thunder. The fact is that beer may be turned sour by lightning, which does not know how to conduct itself.

Home-made articles are not always the best; and, indeed, when made at home, they are often so mysterious that there is really no making them out.

George Cruikshank's illustrative etchings are in his best vein, and he has adopted the quaint old fashion of making them so many talking pictures. "The Great Anti-Temperance Meeting," with the impersonated wines and liquors, is the acme of drollery. Small beer, punch rum, and old Tom, are essentially and spiritedly characteristic. "The Tax on Property," a sort of Indian pagoda of the means of spending £10,000 a-year, will convulse many a fireside circle with laughter. Its comic minutiae are exhaustless. "The Charity Ball Dancing for the Million" is capital. "The Height of Speculation, Groundless Expectations," is an excellent burlesque on the "Aerial" tax upon gullibility. It is a most masterly composition, independent of its broad satire. "The Royal Academy" is a graphic paraphrase on the well-known print of the "Village Schoolmaster." "Guy Fawkes" treated classically, an unexhibited cartoon, is a neat piece of quizzing by George Cruikshank. These are the only illustrations we can point out to the reader, but the entire series is in Cruikshank's raciest manner, almost inexhaustible in little points of humour, and original to a line. We need scarcely add our hearty commendation of this very lively budget of fun.

**THE BOTANIC GARDEN.** By B. MAUND, F.L.S. R. Groombridge. The cheap editions of this popular work, now in course of publication, will, doubtless, be very acceptable to a large class of purchasers. Each number is illustrated with four engravings of plants, carefully coloured.

**THE DICTIONARY OF TRADE, COMMERCE, AND NAVIGATION.** By G. FRANCIS, F.L.S., &c. W. Brittain.

This work, originally published in numbers, now forms a neat volume. It explains the objects, terms, statistics, laws, and regulations of the Excise, Customs, public affairs, banking, moneys, weights, shipping, fisheries, imports, exports, book-keeping, commercial geography, national flags, and the general affairs of business; the whole illustrated by 400 engravings. The definitions appear to be carefully given, and, although brief, they contain many valuable facts and statistics; making the book, altogether, a very useful contribution to cheap literature. As a specimen of the illustrations, we may state that, under "New Zealand," are engraved the seal and flag of that promising colony.

**CURIOSITIES OF MODERN TRAVEL.** D. Bogue.

This little book consists of incidents and adventures sliced from works published during the present year; which feature the compiler observes, "will ensure novelty," but he wisely withholds at whose cost. A volume culled from so rich a store of materials could not fail to be attractive, set off as it is by several smart illustrations; and it will, doubtless, prove an acceptable holiday present.

**ETIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.** D. Bogue.

To "drink tea by stratagem," and "tell the clock by algebra," were but minor exploits compared with the object of this *brochure*, which is a sort of hymeneal railway for the uninitiated into "the blissful state."

Although, in common parlance, every man should speak of the *fait* as he has found it, the maxim will hardly hold good in this case, else "the Etiquette" may be called to book for many disappointments and crosses. Jest apart, there are some serviceable hints in this little tome.

**AUSTRALIA; its History and Present Condition.** By the Rev. W. PRIDGEN, M.A. Burns.

This is a well-chosen volume of "The Englishman's Library;" for, next to acquiring a perfect knowledge of the history of our mother-country, is the importance of being well acquainted with that of her colonies. The work before us is avowedly compiled from the travels of Grey, Mitchell, Sturt, Oxley, Laing, and other accredited sources; but the compiler's chief aim is to call the attention of his countrymen, both at home and in the colonies, "to the evils which have arisen from the absence of moral restraint and religious instruction in colonies of civilised and (nominally) Christian men." These words, with the avowal that all the reverend compiler's "prejudices are in favour of those institutions with which it has pleased God to bless his native land," will best characterise his neatly-written volume. Apart from the value to be attached to it as a conscientious discharge of Christian duty, the work before us is very attractive for its excellent sketches of the native and colonial character, the scenery of the country, &c. It is, moreover, embellished with several well-executed views, &c.



POPULAR PORTRAITS.—Nos. XLVII. AND XLVIII.

## THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

The "widely-distributed name of Smith" has often been a subject of small railery to the small wits of the world of letters; yet many of those who have borne that cognomen have contrived to make it distinguished, thus verifying Shakspeare's remark as to the very little consequence of an appellation, either to a "rose" or a man of genius. The world is under so many obligations to the name of Smith, that its bearers have no cause to blush for it. We cannot at present enumerate all the notabilities who have sprung from this large section of the human race; but there is Adam Smith, who wrote learnedly on the "Wealth of Nations," and taught political economy to generations of statesmen, and is now more of an authority in the House of Commons than if he had a seat in it; and Horace Smith, who wrote most of the capital "Rejected Addresses," "The Lines to the Mummy," and various amusing novels, which, if the reader is not familiar with, we advise him to make himself so without loss of time; and James Smith, his brother, and literary partner; and then in another line there is Sir Sydney Smith, a commander of whom the nation may be proud, and is so; for Parliament has voted a public monument to him, whose bravery was tinged with a sort of eccentricity that marked him as a genius, and whose adventures have more of the romantic about them than those of any English commander of his day; his history containing escapes from French prisons, and fightings among Turks and Mamelukes, whom he taught at Acre not to think Napoleon quite invincible, and who, like Napier, was good both on sea and land, being by turns an admiral or a cavalry officer.

Alike to him the sea, the shore,  
The brand, the bridle, or the oar.

Of the same family, and bearing the same name, as the hero of Acre, is the subject of our sketch, the Rev. Sydney Smith, who is by profession a churchman, by nature a wit, by choice an "Edinburgh Reviewer," by circumstances made a politician, and by patronage a canon of the Cathedral of St. Paul. He is altogether a man of most singular contradictions. He is a clergyman, but his writings have less of the gravity of the divine than of the acuteness of the man of the world. He is a Whig in his politics, yet his keenest satire has been launched at Lord John Russell and Lord Melbourne. He is a dignitary of the church, and yet he has raised more laughs at the expense of the Bench of Bishops than any public writer of the day, with the exception, perhaps, of Fonblanque. This is explained, in some measure, by his being a member of one of those cathedral establishments whose emoluments were trenchoned upon by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and the arrangements consequent on its formation. There was always something very earnest in his explosions of wrath at that commission, the creation of which, it may be remarked, was a Whig measure, assented to by the Bishop of London; hence his enmity to those who were its authors and abettors, though on other points he agreed with them.



PORTRAIT OF THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

As a writer, the Rev. Sydney Smith is best known by his "Peter Plymley's Letters," published during the agitation of the Catholic question. They had an immense circulation at the time, and produced a great effect. They were intended to show that the fears of the opponents of emancipation were unfounded; and this he effected by turning their arguments into subjects of ridicule. He is a great master of this weapon, and many passages of the most acute and happy satire might be quoted from these letters. His other works are scattered through a long series of "Edinburgh Reviews," to which he was one of the earliest contributors. They have recently been collected and published in a separate form. This is a convenience to the reader, but we question its advantage to the reputation of the writer. The periodical essayist inevitably repeats himself, but, when his productions are separated from each other by months and volumes, those repetitions escape notice; not so when brought together. The brilliancy that strikes and charms on its occasional occurrence is apt to dazzle us, and in some degree to fatigue us when read *en masse*. The reverend and witty canon is, moreover, a decided mannerist—that is, he treats all subjects alike: nothing is so serious or shocking but he looks at its ridiculous side, and uses it as a peg on which to hang as many good or moral things as possible. There is no kind of reading so wearying as a collection of jests, and the writings of the Rev. Sydney Smith do tend to produce that peculiar sort of "vexation of spirit." The continual pouring forth of witticisms on every topic, some of them suggestive of far different emotions, also subjects him to a suspicion of heartlessness, which perhaps does wrong to his character, for we have heard that he is of a generous and kindly nature. Some of his chapters on colonization are liable to this charge. The merriment he created in Parliament and out of it on the question of the locking the doors of the carriages on the railroads, at the time of the dreadful catastrophe on the Versailles line, must be fresh in everybody's recollection.

His writings have gained him fame, but it may be questioned whether they have not injured his prospects. Notwithstanding all his services to the party, the Whigs would never make him a bishop. Like Swift, he seems to have written himself out of the road of church preferment. He is now an old man, and the Conservatives, whom he has all his life opposed, are not likely to advance the partisan whom his friends neglected. His last productions are three letters to the Americans on their repudiation of their public debts. He has lost considerably by investing his property in American funds, and his letters—the last of them published but three days since—contain some bitter and biting truths; yet they are as amusing and witty (to those not circumstanced like the writer of them) as any of his former efforts. If the principle that those may laugh who win holds good across the Atlantic, none will enjoy them more than the Americans. The rev. canon is said to be as admirable a companion and conversationalist



THE FRENCH MAIL.

## THE FRENCH MAILS.

It is truly surprising that, after the long and friendly intercourse that has subsisted between England and France, such a contrast should exist between the working of the English and the French mails. The railways on this side the Channel have nearly superseded the old mail-coaches; but when the mails were conveyed by coaches, it is impossible to forget the extraordinary exertions made throughout the remotest part of the empire to "keep time," and the surprising exactness with which the mails arrived at every town throughout their respective routes. The few that are in existence still maintain their character for speed and punctuality.

The Duke de Nemours would do well to make himself acquainted with our system, for there is nothing in France requires so much improvement as the mode by which their mails are conveyed. It is true that they are exceedingly adroit in the administration of plenty of noise and bustle in changing horses and getting along the road. Neither the horses nor the whips are spared, but the result at the end of the journey proves that the exertions have been misapplied. There is plenty of galloping and rolling about, plenty of whipping and scolding, but we miss the care and attention to the horses, the quiet and unobtrusive labour by which the power and energies of the team are reserved for that part of the road where they can be useful, and the cool determination to be in the "right place" at the "right time." Unlike an English coachman, the drivers cannot look up at the clock at the end of their destination, and point out with pride that they are in time to a minute.

We would recommend the Duke de Nemours (whose character as a sportsman is so well established) to take back to France with him a series of the engravings called "Coaching Recollections," from the celebrated pictures of Mr. Henderson. They would afford our friends on the other side of the Channel some idea of the admirable way in which our mails and coaches were formerly conducted. They would give them some notion of "Changing," of "Starting," and of "Waking up" when time must be regained; and if they would apply these valuable hints to the *malle poste* between Calais and Paris, the public would materially benefit by the alteration. Not an hotel in Calais or Boulogne, from Quillac's and the Hotel du Nord

down to every auberge on the road to Paris, should be without these engravings. They would teach the French aspirants to the box to form "their costume" on the "fast principle," to eschew their "pahs," and "bahs," and their "hoorooohs," and doff their dirty blouse with credit. They would discover that they have never yet known how to hold the whip or the reins, or to keep their teams together; and that although a trotting waggon is good enough in its way, it cannot compare with an English mail-coach.—*Times*.

## THE NELSON COLUMN SCAFFOLDING.

The following additional details of this ingenious improvement will be read with interest in connexion with the large engraving in our paper last week. The scaffolding employed in constructing the Nelson column is 170 feet in height, 96 feet square at the base, and contains 150 loads of timber. This kind of scaffolding was first introduced into use by Grissell and Peto, in the erection of the Reform Club-house in Pall-mall, some three years since, and was found to possess so many advantages over the scaffolding made with poles, that it is not only used by Grissell and Peto at the new Houses of Parliament, and in all their other heavy contracts where masonry is chiefly concerned, but is coming into general use by other large builders; as at the Royal Exchange, Sun Fire Office, and the new Club-house in St. James's-street.

Its stability has recently been tested beyond all doubt at the Nelson column, both as to its resistance to wind at a great altitude, and in its strength and steadiness while hoisting heavy weights. One of the advantages of this mode of scaffolding is that the timber is all convertible for the building at which it may be used; and, as the scaffolding may be dispensed with as soon as the carcass is covered in, the timber is generally used up in the internal carpentry of the building. Again, the enormous waste in scaffold-cords is also avoided, as well as the expense of a number of mason's labourers, who are always necessarily in attendance upon the scaffolding of the ordinary kind during its use.

The machine which works upon the top, and by which all materials are hoisted, is called a "traveller," and the facility by which the mason is enabled to set his stonework is of considerable moment to the builder. A model of the scaffolding in Trafalgar-square, and of the column, has just been placed in the Museum of the National Institution at New York.

The steam-ship *Arcadia*, Capt. Ryrie, took her departure about five o'clock on Sunday night. She carried out, in addition to her Majesty's mails, a fair number of passengers for Halifax and Boston.



VIEW IN NELSON DISTRICT, NEW ZEALAND.

## NEW ZEALAND.

We resume our illustrations of this promising colony with the following extracts from letters received from Nelson; one of these is from a young man on the Surveying Staff, and dated Massacre Bay, April 17, 1843, in which he says—"In answer to your question about land, houses, &c., I should say that at least two-thirds of the inhabitants of Nelson have a garden; there have been quite sufficient vegetables grown this summer for the supply of the town. I cannot exactly say how many houses there are in Nelson; the labouring classes generally make mud houses, but the greater part of them make a *toi-toi* (grass) house, when they first land; and when they fix upon where they intend to live, they make a good mud house. The gentry have mostly built wooden houses, and some of brick. I think it would be no exaggeration to say, that there are 300 acres under cultivation in the settlement, both town and country. — is doing very well. I think when my time is up with the Company, that

I shall join my capital to his, and farm. We catch wild pigs here: they are very excellent. Pigeons are also very plentiful; we can go out, and in half an hour bring home sufficient to make a dinner for two dozen men."—"Port Nelson, April 27, 1843:—We have had a most delightful summer; indeed, the fineness of the weather is really monotonous; the luxuriance of the production of the soil is quite interesting. I have had a good crop (although a small one) of French beans in seven weeks, from seed. Upon the whole, the settlement is thriving, although many do not find colonising what they anticipated; in spite of climate, &c., it is something different from a mere picnic, especially to those who have never before been upon their own resources. I am still much gratified with my occupation, and feel no doubt about the establishment of this settlement contributing in no small degree to bettering the condition of many thousands of our fellow-creatures. It is now two years since we left England; it hardly appears to me as many months, if I do not look round the country and see what has been done."



as he is a writer; is amiable and cheerful in the midst of old age and pecuniary losses, either of which break the spirit and health of thousands of ordinary men. Long may he live to enjoy his reputation, for when he passes away, he will leave no successor. The present member for Northampton, the late Under Secretary of the Colonies of the Russell and Melbourne ministry, the Right Hon. Vernon Smith, is the nephew of the rev. gentleman. The connexion of his family with the late Government did not at all blunt the shafts of satire that he occasionally discharged at the heads of it.

Our portrait of the witty canon has been copied, by permission of the publishers, from the second edition of the "Collected Works." The third letter on American Debt, already referred to, will be found in another column of the present journal.

MR. WARBURTON, M.P.

The tide of politics seems, at present, to be drifting into the House of Commons some of those whom its "retiring ebb," during the general election of 1841, left stranded on the shoals of "minority." Thus, the contest for London has enabled the portly Mr. Pattison to take his old station among the collective wisdom; and now the struggle for the representation of Kendal has produced the same result for Mr. Warburton, a man whose exertions have won him a prominent place among the political celebrities of the day.

Mr. Warburton, during his past parliamentary career, was connected by position with the borough of Bridport—by principles with the Liberals, but rather with the Radicals than the Whigs—and by speech, and notes, and advocacy, with several measures which men of all parties, indeed the community at large, have decided are measures of great social improvement, of some of which he was the author, and of others one of the ablest supporters. He was thrown out of his seat for Bridport by a "petition," an instrument which has been very efficacious in unseating members on both sides, where the opponents and their agents were the reverse of scrupulous, particularly where the individual had not a fortune that he could spend without missing, among the lawyers. The defence of a seat disputed by a petition, before a committee, at an average expense of two hundred pounds sterling a day, or thereabouts, is, the reader may believe, by no means a joke, and when subjected to it, it sometimes becomes a question whether the honour of being an M.P. may not be too dearly purchased. Some considerations of this kind had, if we remember, their influence in causing Mr. Warburton's retirement from the House of Commons. As talents are respected even by those who dislike the mode in which they are applied, it is not without a certain kind of satisfaction that the opponents of the honourable gentleman will see him resume his station, though he is returned partly by the influence of that powerful body, the Anti-Corn-Law League, which seems acquiring strength daily, and which has this week astonished the public with a list of subscriptions to the "Fund," totally unexampled in the history of agitation. There can be no doubt that it exercised great influence, both in London and Kendal. As a proof of this, and at the same time as a personal tribute to Mr. Warburton, we give a passage from one of the ablest of our weekly contemporaries, and which may be taken as good evidence, the writer having Conservative and Ministerial tendencies: "The second election that has occurred since the Anti-Corn-Law League began its new career is the second also in its list of success; and this time it has been instrumental in restoring to the House of Commons one of its most accomplished members, the influence of



PORTRAIT OF MR. WARBURTON, M.P.

whose knowledge and business-like energy is constantly exemplified to us in the abolition of a disgraceful nuisance that infested our churchyards, with the benefit he has since effected by his Anatomy Bill, and in the daily use of the Penny Postage, which he carried against both Whig and Tory leaders." The reference to the last-named measure must, we think, be a little qualified as to the share of merit due to Mr. Warburton for its final success. There was a strong opinion out of doors in favour of it, which he did not wholly create. But with regard to the others mentioned, the whole reward of praise was due to him. True there was always a feeling of horror at every repetition of those once frequent desecrations of the resting-place of the dead, which formed the trade of a set of the most hardened and degraded wretches that ever disgraced humanity; but it is astonishing how long an evil of this nature will be complained of and tolerated, as if a remedy were impossible, unless some one mind takes up the question, and directs the great mass of opinion into a channel that leads to a practical mode of pulling it down. Mr. Warburton did this for society, by providing legally for the demands of medical science. That demand had created and continued a crime worse than the worst committed in the savage state of existence, and possibly only in a state of high civilization, of which it was the stain and reproach. To violate the sepulchre, and to rifle the tomb, for the sake of selling the sad relics of humanity—one would think that this was a horror of so deep a hue, that the imagination could not go beyond it. Yet there was something far worse than even this. The human life was at last sacrificed, that the human clay might be made available for the gain of lucre; the soul was dispossessed of its dwelling, for the sake of its perishable mansion; the "immortal jewel" was cast out, that the worthless casket might be sold for money! There are some things which, while we contemplate, we shudder at ourselves, and crimes over which it is best to draw the veil of oblivion. To all who assisted in putting an end to so monstrous an evil, the gratitude of all men is due; and chiefly to the exertions of Mr. Warburton do we owe it, that we hear of such horrors no longer. He always paid much attention to what may be called medical legislation; and we hope that he will now promote the measures, so loudly called for, for promoting the health of towns; of which one at least is the state of the churchyards in our "million-peopled city."

The present Parliament will be the seventh in which he has had a seat. He is connected with the commercial interests of the country, having formerly been an eminent Baltic merchant; but we believe he has long retired from the cares of business. He is connected by marriage with Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart., who married the honourable gentleman's sister. At the election for Kendal, he was opposed by a member of the powerful family of the Bentincks, over whom, however, he secured a majority of 63.



BROMLEY CHURCH.

RESTORATION OF BROMLEY CHURCH.

In our paper of last week, we illustrated one of the early productions of the architect to the New Houses of Parliament, and we now feel equal satisfaction in bringing under notice the work of one of the successful competitors on that occasion.

The restoration, on an enlarged scale, of the parish church of "Bromley-atte-Bowe," in Kent, has just been effected, under the professional guidance of Mr. Railton, who has followed, as closely as practicable, the style of the original Norman fabric. The building, indeed, which has just been almost wholly demolished, formed, in all probability, the eastern portion only of a larger edifice, as we may naturally suppose the church of the convent at Bromley to have been; and the ancient arch, mentioned by antiquarians, was, without doubt, the opening into the chancel from a nave, of which every trace has been long since removed.

The exterior of the new work is of brick; and although the architectural propriety and some elegance of detail have not been omitted, the chief aim appears to have been to produce a consistent characteristic and picturesque effect. So completely do the simple forms and quiet mellow tones harmonize and blend with the woody avenues, the grey colouring of age, and pensive stillness of the place, that we think the result cleverly conveyed by our artist. But, led by the inviting chime, let us seek an entrance, and, passing through the tower, notice the venerable slab that has evidently been richly charged with monumental brasses; and, passing into the body of the church, we perceive that the arch before mentioned has been reinstated, and forms a handsome frontispiece to the organ gallery.

There is an aisle on the south side only, opening to the nave by a series of four semi-circular arches, supported by piers, of which the faces are broken into shafts, and the capitals form clusters of richly-carved foliage.

The north side has lofty windows, and the spaces between them have been devoted to the display of some finely-sculptured mural monuments.

A porch, with zig-zag and other ornaments, forms a pleasing feature in this wall.

Looking to the east, we are attracted by a richly-carved communion-rail, executed in oak, and of a most appropriate and elegant design. This railing is raised three steps from the floor of the church, and forms the enclosure of the chancel, the arch of which is of lofty proportion, and has delicately enriched and spirately moulded shafts, with foliated capitals supporting the beak-head, and other effective enrichments. The chancel terminates in a semi-circular apsis, with an arched gallery, running round at the level of the windows, and crowned by a ribbed vaulted ceiling.

The extreme attention to style observable throughout this church shows it to have been most carefully studied, and we have no doubt it will attract the attention of every visitor of architectural taste.

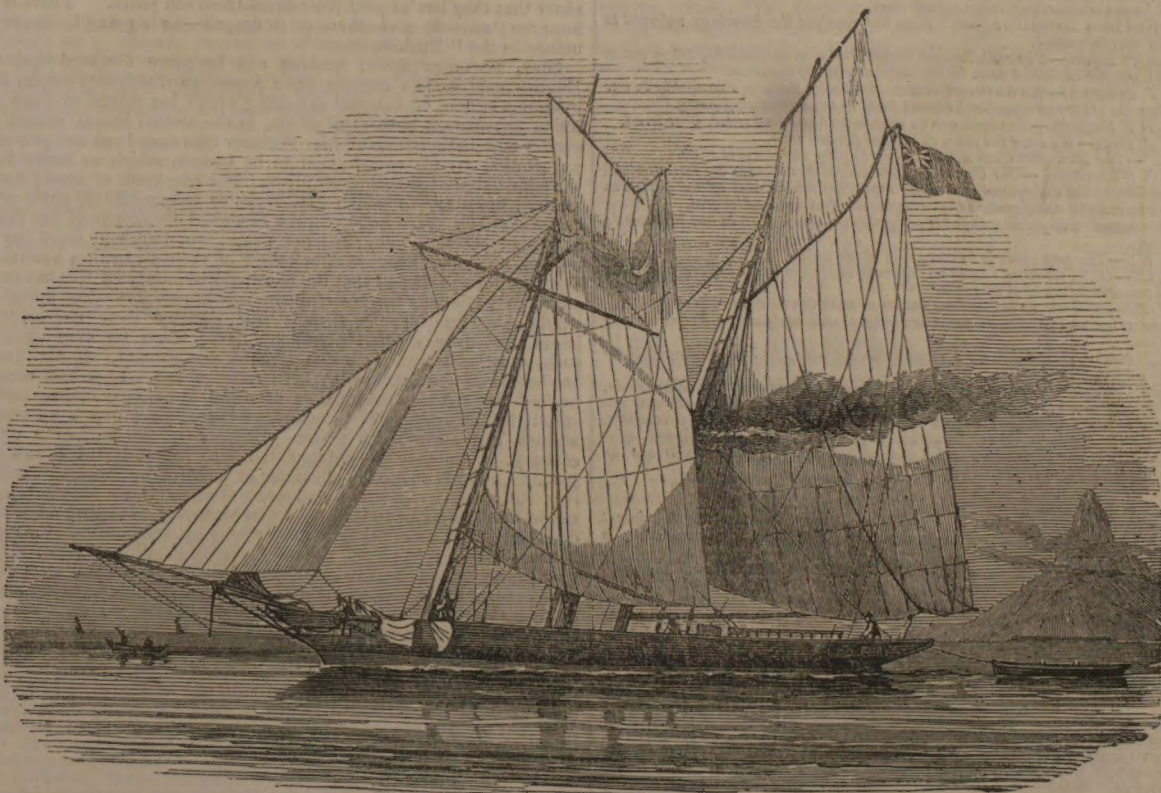
One improved feature in the arrangement of this church is the total absence of pews, so that a perfect uniformity is preserved between the appropriated and the free seats.

The works were contracted for by Messrs. Robert and George Webb; and with the exception of the chancel, for which funds were furnished by the munificence of a highly-respected parishioner, the restoration has been carried out with the most scrupulous attention to economy.

The French Minister of War has sent to the military authorities a circular announcement of his decision to call into active service 40,000 recruits of the class of 1842, independent of the 3850 forming the contingent for the navy.

The employees at the Royal Mint are daily at work in striking off the new gold sovereigns and half-sovereigns of 1844, so as to meet the demand that is likely to be made when the royal proclamation of her Most Gracious Majesty, dated the 2nd day of October last, comes into effect on the 1st day of January next.

We understand that the French envoy has taken up seriously and warmly the affair of the Armenian decapitated for being guilty of a relapse to Christianity.



THE "DOVE," MISSIONARY SCHOONER.

THE MISSIONARY STEAM SCHOONER DOVE.

This fine screw schooner has just been built by Mr. John Laird, of Birkenhead, for the Baptist Missionary Society for the Civilization of Africa. She was launched at Mr. Laird's works a few days since, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Lancaster naming her. The principal dimensions are:—

|                                       |          |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Length between perpendiculars .. .. . | 75 feet. |
| Beam amidships .. .. .                | 15 "     |
| Depth of hold .. .. .                 | 7' 9 in. |
| Tonnage—old measurement .. .. .       | tons 73  |

with a pair of oscillating engines horse power each, manufac-

tured by Messrs. George Forrester and Co., of Liverpool; the screw fitted (on Mr. Smith's patent principle) in the "Dead Iron."

She is modelled to steam or sail, her lines being well hollowed forward and aft, with sufficient bearings to float her, with all fittings and stores, on 6 feet water; and it is considered by nautical authorities, that a better model for the purposes for which she is intended could not have been designed. Her commander is Capt. W. Walters.

Her rendezvous will be Fernando Po, whence she will proceed to different parts of the Western Coast with Missionaries, whose laudable endeavours—with the blessing of God—to establish Christianity amongst the benighted people of Africa will, let us hope, be ultimately successful.



## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Nov. 26th.—24th Sunday after Trinity.  
 MONDAY, 27th.—Great storm 1703.  
 TUESDAY, 28th.—Cardinal Wolsey died, 1530.  
 WEDNESDAY, 29th.—Polish revolution, 1834.  
 THURSDAY, 30th.—St. Andrew's Day.  
 FRIDAY, Dec. 1.—Day breaks 5h. 43m.  
 SATURDAY, 2nd.—Napoleon crowned, 1804.

## HIGH WATER at London-bridge, for the Week ending December 2.

| Monday.  | Tuesday.  | Wednesday.  | Thursday.   | Friday.                                      | Saturday.                                    |
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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE CENSUS.—We have to thank numerous subscribers and correspondents for their favourable opinion of our Census Supplement, and, at the same time, to assure them that we shall spare no expense to bring forward, from time to time, such useful information as will gratify our readers, and insure the same favourable reception from the public. We shall continue to print new editions, and copies may be ordered of all booksellers and newsmen in the United Kingdom, or by order direct to our publisher. Correspondents should bear in mind that, being stamped as a supplement to our paper, it may be forwarded by post to ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD FREE OF POSTAGE. We are confident that no work has ever been produced of such extent and labour at the price, and we are gratified to be able to state that the Government and public departments have expressed their favourable opinion of our arduous undertaking, and their astonishment that the details of a Parliamentary document, exceeding 800 pages, could have been compressed into the limits of sixteen, and in such a convenient form for reference.

With the titlepage and index to our third volume we shall publish all additions and corrections in the Census, and we recommend our subscribers to bind it with the volume, being highly useful for reference. Copies may still be had of all newsmen and booksellers, or, by order, enclosing sixpence, to our publisher, W. Little, 108, Strand.

CENSUS ERRATA.—The following places were omitted in their proper place:—Appleford (Ipswich), Devon, pop. 2174; Benetton, Wilts, pop. 109; Dereham, East, Norfolk, pop. 3334; St. Erney, Cornwall, pop. 81; Ingelton, West, York, pop. 1355; Marston Moretaine, Bucks, pop. 1147; Rottingdean, Sussex, pop. 985; Wideorth, Devon, pop. 257.

"F. R. S. L." will find the population of the parish of Brasted, county of Kent, in our list. The Government return does not state the population of the village of Brasted, nor is there any other work which gives it. We may here state for the information of correspondents generally, that the official return does not give the population of villages, being included with the total for the parishes in which they are respectively situated.

"A Subscriber."—The population of the parish of Thornton-in-Lonsdale is correctly given, according to the official return. It comprises the townships of Ireby, in Lancashire, Burton-in-Lonsdale, and Thornton-in-Lonsdale, in West York; the whole containing 1138 inhabitants.

"R. A." Honiton.—Thanks for his communication. The population of the parish of Littleham, in the county of Devon, is correctly given in our list—3927 inhabitants, of which number 3654 are in that part of the town of Exmouth which is in that parish; the remainder of Exmouthtown is in the parish of Withycombe-Raleigh. The entire town contains 4356 inhabitants.

"W. L., jun."—The tithing of Quidhampton, in the county of Wilts, contains 333 inhabitants. The population is included with the parish of Fugglestone, in which it is situated.

"R. S." Liverpool.—Our correspondent's opinions on the dismemberment of the empire will not influence our sentiments on the subject.

"The Fire Brigadier."—Mr. Braidwood requests us to state, in correction of the article in our paper of last week, that it is not his invention, but Colonel Paulin's, of the Sapeurs Pompiers, at Paris. The trials alluded to were made with a view of ascertaining the efficiency of the invention, which is proof against smoke, not against fire.

"O. G." Brighton.—The sketch shall appear.

"A. A. A."—Newsmen charge more than 6s. 6d. per quarter, unless paid in advance.

"An Inhabitant of London."—Such an establishment as that humanely recommended by our correspondent (a nightly refuge for the houseless,) already exists in the metropolis, but is, we believe, somewhat too contracted for its excellent purpose.

"Mrs. Cooke" is thanked for the offer of the sketch, for which, however, we have not room.

"R. S. M." Lambeth-road.—We have already engraved several views of Paris.

"Toby."—The plates to Martin Chuzzlewit are etched on steel.

"A Subscriber."—We must decline answering impertinent questions respecting an illustrious personage.

"A Sportsman."—We shall see.

"Une Pauvre Anglaise."—We know of no such office as that mentioned by our correspondent.

"P. M. Q."—See the illustrated description of the Thames Tunnel, in No. 48 of our journal, wherein the cost, &c., are stated.

"G. H."—No.

"P. S."—The Royal Free Hospital, removed to the Gray's-inn-road, is especially worthy of the encouragement of all who "enjoy the luxury of doing good."

"A Subscriber."—Devizes.—Will our subscriber forward a sketch of the college, as we are scarcely satisfied with that in our possession?

"X. Y. Z." Orlerton.—Any postmaster is liable to be dismissed for returning a letter once put into the letter-box of his office.

"B. A." Clerk.—1. The letters must be not less than one inch in height. 2. The punishment is according to the injury done.

"A Friend from Lancashire."—We have not received the drawings referred to by our correspondent.

"Areskay." Hythe.—The contribution in question was unavoidably taken out to make room for the latest news in our Saturday night's edition.

"H. C." Langton.—See the description of the Great Britain steamship in our number 63. Our correspondent should write to the advertising party.

"J. S. H." Sheffield.—The book can be obtained of any bookseller, if ordered.

"J. W." Bath.—We have not room at present for the view.

"Chess."—The Moor-end Club will be happy to play the Gosport Club.

"C. D." Whitechapel.—Our Correspondent should first obtain the testimonials, if possible, of the clergyman and some reputable inhabitants of the parish in which he resides, and forward the same to the Postmaster-General.

"Architectus" will perceive that his suggestion was acted on in our last week's number.

"J. C. W."—The pay extends to every day in the year.

"C. J. C."—D. T. Graham's work on domestic medicine is, we believe, one of the most respectable works of its class.

"X. Y. Z."—Will our correspondent favour us with the sketch?

"A Subscriber."—The charge for a newspaper sent by post to France is one halfpenny.

"T. S." Bristol, should consult a respectable solicitor, the law of dilapidations being very complicated.

"Crayon." Penzance.—We have taken some pains to ascertain the dimensions, &c., of Raffaele's cartoons, at Hampton Court, but neither of the popular accounts of them gives the required details. An eminent London printseller, whom we have consulted, is of opinion that the cartoons are painted upon paper with colour mixed with water, the outlines being in chalk, and that the size of each cartoon is about 15 by 10 feet.

"H. C. B."—Yes, occasionally.

"Nihil."—The revenue of France in 1842 was about 50,000,000.

"Q."—Domesday Book is kept in the Chapter-house, Westminster. We do not know why Hollington Church, near Hastings, was built in the middle of a wood.

"Ineligible."—On False Friendship, by M. K. O. S.; "The Old Mill Stream," by Areskay; "Winter," by W. A.; "D. M. L.," "On the Death," &c., by K. J. Q.

"Sir Charles Napier."—A correspondent has forwarded us from Halifax the following extract from a letter received from an officer in her Majesty's 98th Regiment, stationed at Hyderabad, by the last Overland Mail:—"Fort Hyderabad, Aug. 8, 1843.—I received, amongst the last batch of papers, THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS. The likeness of Sir C. Napier amused us amazingly; it is a most perfect resemblance—could not be better. I sent it to him to look at."

"A Musical Practitioner" is informed that the solution of Le Chevalier Neukomm's musical problem has been delayed in consequence of some errors in the given subject. These have been corrected, and it will appear at our earliest convenience, on partition, for five voices.

"A. and D." Colchester.—Three varieties of apparatus for the preparation of aerated waters will be found described in the "Magazine of Science," No. 75; and the details of the manufacture of soda water are given in No. 225 of the same work.

"L. G. S." Leeds.—The length of Oxford-street, London, is 1920 yards, or 1 mile and 1-11th of a mile.

"Q. E. D."—The answer to our correspondent, in our number of last week, was not correctly given. The marriage is a valid and binding contract, even if one of the parties take a fictitious name.

"A. B." City.—Mr. Brunel, the engineer to the Great Western Railway.

"A Poor Shoemaker."—We stand.—All legal notices to quit must be given with reference to, and are dependent upon, the time of entry, and the agreement of the parties controlling the law; i.e., if a person take a tenement for a year, and so from year to year, until they choose to determine the tenancy by a notice, such notice must be given six calendar months, expiring with the current year of the tenancy; such is the law. But, if the parties agree to mutually give a three months' or six months' notice to quit, dependent upon any event they may name, they are at liberty to do so, when the notice may be given accordingly, and will be binding.

"T. P." Ramsgate, is thanked for his zeal.

"A Constant Reader and Admirer" should apply to a patent agent.

CHESS.—"W. W. B." and "C. A. Watson."—Four solutions are correct; the problem may be worked in three different ways, all in the same number of moves. It is impossible we can find room for all the variations we receive.

"X."—"The Chess Player's Chronicle," published monthly, price 1s., can be ordered by any bookseller.

"G. D."—Received: shall appear next week.

"C. W. W."—We cannot give the desired information.

"G. W. L." Castle-road, Southsea, Portsmouth, will be happy to play a game at chess by correspondence.

"Edward."—Received. The first game of the match appears this week.

DRAUGHTS.—"Exeter, jun."—The rule of huffing is now generally abolished. You must insist upon your adversary taking your man. In answer to the second question, you may compel your adversary to take one man, but he may take which he likes.

"T. Harwar."—We are much obliged, but at present we cannot insert problems in draughts.

DUBLIN STATE TRIALS.—CONTINUATION OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.—Next week we shall resume our engravings, with magnificent views, portraits of the Lord Lieutenant and Chief Secretary, the Attorney and Solicitor General, and other Crown Lawyers engaged in the pending State Prosecutions. Also, striking views of the Pneumatic Railway, to be opened next week.

THE FASHIONS are purposely omitted this week, as it is our intention to insert this illustration in future but once a month, at the suggestion of several fair readers. The engraving will be of larger size, and altogether of better execution.

## ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

A new and beautiful attraction, in the spirit of liberal art encouragement, which it has been one of the objects of this newspaper lavishly to promote—a work which it is hoped will be found to exceed in novelty and beauty the magnificent tableau of London already presented to the subscribers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—is in active preparation for our readers, and will shortly be definitely announced.

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1843.

Mr. Sydney Smith—the reverend canon, whose letters proclaim him to be such a great gun in the firing off of "shot epistolary," has levelled another broadside against the insolvent States of America, to which he lent his money while they took all the benefit of the Act! There is something beautifully racy about the writing of the reverend divine;—it is ever more profane than sacred, but it has a spice and flavour in it that make one taste and enjoy it, even though it be written in the cause of mammon, and for the recovery not of sin into the paths of virtue but of gold into the pocket of Smith. In his peculiar case we may derive amusement "even from the canon's mouth"—and, although another human being seems involved in the sacrifice, we do not feel the charitable regret which we ought to feel, that General Duffy Green should, so far as his letter-writing is concerned, be "done so excessively brown." When we have not that which we like, says the French dramatic philosopher, we must endeavour to like that which we have; and so Sydney Smith, who has not the money he would like back from bankrupt America, endeavours to like the sport which the occasion of his own loss gives him of thrashing handsomely, not only the people who have robbed, but the general who seeks to identify their nationality with his own! Smith discovers that verdure about Green which Green himself did not dream of. Smith sees that there is something green about Green, or he would never have written that letter. Green, on the other hand—Duffy Green—wishes that he had held his tongue—that he had remained "L'homme verd et tranquille"—the Green man and Still! He considers

That most powerful parson, Peter Pith,

The loudest wit he ever was deafened with.

And he is right. Whenever Sydney Smith does write he does make a noise. When he does write, however, he does not right always. For example, we do not think it quite right in a clergyman to take so much interest in the matter of debt and credit as between nations and individuals. We do not say that he ought to confine himself to the stocks of his own parish, but we do think it would be just as well if he did not, in the character of a mere speculator, dabble in any other stocks whatever. Nor do we like to see, in a servant of the lord, too poignant regrets for that "Mammon," who cannot be served with "God." We would rather, therefore, that the bright letter we have alluded to, as well as its sparkling predecessor, should have come from a "lay proprietor," instead of a clerical speculator in Pennsylvanian promises. Yet, we repeat, that we enjoy the letters themselves, and we guess they annoy the Americans as much as they annihilate the Duffy Greens. The Rev. Sydney is a satire upon their national flag—he is a star administering the stripes. His theme is the dry one of money, but his justice is castigatory and poetical. How he marches off his army of Yankees to the prison of his imagination—"the insolvent infantry!"—the "bankrupt heavy horse!"—the "vivre sans payer," as the war-cry, and the *are alieno* on the trumpets! He cuts down the whole people with his trenchant blade—literally stunts them until, like their own native dwarf—"so short that they haven't paid their debts these ten years." There is no hope for them—he gives them up in despair—he is going to invest his money in the "Turkish fours!"

Now, badinage apart, nothing can be more deserved than the English gentleman's censure upon American dishonesty—upon that infamous system of national swindling which has ruined so many deluded speculators here—and which, in the United States, roused the shame and indignation of Mr. Webster into that loud and powerful exhortation to his countrymen to be honest, which so lately fired the admiration of the English press. The fine burst of manly declamation, however, in which Mr. Webster propounds his noble principles was, we fear, lost upon the hardened insolvency of the Pennsylvanian cheats. They will not pay! No, they will leave paying a loan, as poor Theodore Hook said of them when they borrowed. But it cannot be denied that the habitual dishonesty of the bankrupt states is nationally disgraceful—that it involves a slur upon the whole American people—that it will destroy their character at home, and their credit abroad, and leave them for ever open to such caustic, bitter, and well-merited punishment, as Mr. Smith has bestowed upon them with his epistolary rod. It is bad enough to find the vicious recklessness of wilful insolvency contaminating society by the example of individuals: but when it grows up among nations, and spreads its brazen villany over the face of a whole country, it can only be contemplated with scorn, loathing, and disgust. And if it ruins the character of a nation in peace, so would it ruin its resources in war: and even General Duffy Green himself would find it difficult to lead his unpaid troops to victory when they discovered that, in addition to being unpaid, they were also unpaid! Not so, however, think the Federal Government of the States. No—they are about to issue five millions of paper dollars—and most delirious paper it will prove to anybody that takes it. We hope the march of that paper may be properly confined; but we cannot too much admire the impudence which proposes its circulation. In the meanwhile Rothschild and Baring have shut their purses, and America, as a nation, cannot even borrow of a private bank. She can issue her paper dollars among her own people—but their worthlessness will be a proverb in every other quarter of the globe—and the most speculative foreigner would not venture sixpence upon a bundle of them—unless he were hard-up for materials wherewith to light his cigar.

The Committee appointed by the Government to inquire into the working of the present system of postage, arrived at the conclusion of their labours some time ago; but their report has only just now been published. We must say, that a more meagre document, in the shape of an official report, was never made public. About fifty lines in the columns of a newspaper include all the Committee have found time to say, and that consists merely of a bold statement of the fact that they have made the inquiry directed, and that they "regret" they have no time to give an opinion on the evidence adduced, involving, as it does, so many minute details. This very brief report is, however, accompanied by more than three hundred pages of evidence, so that those of the public who may have access to it may form their own opinions upon it in default of any authoritative opinion from the Committee. The witnesses examined were mostly persons belonging to the Post-office, and from their statements may be gathered a great

mass of information as to the management of this immense and important establishment, though the reader may, perhaps, experience some trouble in so arranging it as to arrive at a clear and distinct notion of the system on which it is conducted. The evidence that will attract most attention is that of Mr. Rowland Hill, to whose plan of postage the public at large is so much indebted for a daily and almost hourly convenience. He is a sincere and energetic man, with an intimate knowledge of the question he takes in hand, and we should be sorry to see his views quite overruled by the decisions of those who are necessarily, in some degree, circumscribed in their ideas by the routine of office. Mr. Hill declares that, with a "revived trade," the Post-office revenue, at the penny-rate, will eventually rise to £1,300,000, but that, hitherto, the plan has been tried under very unfavourable circumstances, as respects the general prosperity of the country. There can be no doubt that in this respect, Mr. Hill states no more than the fact. Lord Lowther, on the other hand, sees no prospect of any increase in the amount of the revenue from this department, the populous districts being now well supplied with letters, and no great increase being to be expected from those parts of the country which are thinly inhabited, with this contingency to be also kept in mind, that, should any great increase in the number of letters take place, an increase of expense must also be incurred by the establishment, the persons employed being pretty hard pressed already. So diametrically opposed are the innovator and the man of office. The following short passage from the evidence of Colonel Maberly is rather neat and terse:—

I suppose you consider the postage rate now reduced to the minimum?—So long as you can go still further, I suppose it is not reduced to the minimum. I cannot answer that question.

The great probability is that it will not be reduced lower?—I do not know; we may have a second Mr. Hill, perhaps.

Do you think it probable or not that there will be any further reduction?—If you ask me whether I think it probable, I think it is not.

We also think it is not; we do not believe there is any wish on the part of the public to see the rate of postage reduced so low as to make the Post-office a drain on other sources of revenue: there is no question that it may be made quite capable of supporting itself. The objection to the old system was, that it made a revenue out of a business of daily life, only one degree less injurious to some of the best interests of society than a tax on conversation itself. Some of the greatest difficulties in the way of any improvement in the present system is the unwillingness of the Treasury to try expensive experiments. And yet there are some improvements that are not only advisable, but absolutely indispensable. The following is Colonel Maberly's testimony as to the extent to which the robbery of letters containing money and valuable articles is carried on in the Post-office; from any other source it would have been scarcely credible:—

How have you ascertained that there has been this amount of plunder from time to time?—Lord Lowther has stated to me that the greater part of his patronage since he first came to the Post-office arose from dismissals. Almost all the business connected with losses comes before me; it is rather a police business, which is managed by one of the clerks in the department of my office, called the "Missing Letter Branch," the solicitor, and myself, inasmuch as it is necessary to keep all these communications thoroughly confidential and away from other parties; and I can state that the plunder is terrific.

Some system of registering letters, or other security to the public, must be introduced, or confidence will be lost in what, with many faults, is a stupendous and magnificent establishment.

## REPUDIATION OF THE AMERICANS BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

The Reverend and witty Sydney Smith, whose portrait we rejoice to be enabled in our present publication to present to our readers, had something more than a fortnight since published an amusing and sarcastic philippic against "the drab-coloured gentlemen of the State of Pennsylvania," who delight in repudiation of their pecuniary obligations. The length of the letter precluded its insertion in our columns. A General Duff Green—of whom the Times has well observed that his impudence is a talent—sent some letters to that journal in defence of his countrymen. They have drawn from the reverend gentlemen the following characteristic reply:—

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir,—Having been unwell for some days past, I have had no opportunity of paying my respects to General Duff Green, who (whatever be his other merits) has certainly not shown himself a Washington in defence of his country. The General demands, with a beautiful simplicity, "Whence this morbid hatred of America?" But this question, all-affecting as it is, is stolen from Pilpay's fables:—"A fox," says Pilpay, "caught by the leg in a trap near the farmyard, uttered the most piercing cries of distress; forthwith all the birds of the yard gathered round him, and seemed to delight in his misfortune; hens chuckled, geese hissed, ducks quacked, and chattering, with shrill cockadoodles, rent the air. 'Whence, said the fox, stepping forward with infinite gravity, 'Whence this morbid hatred of the fox? What have I done? Whom have I injured? I am overwhelmed with astonishment at these symptoms of aversion.' 'Oh, you old villain,' the poultry exclaimed, 'where are our ducklings? where are our goslings? Did not I see you running away yesterday with my mother in your mouth? Did you not eat up all my relations last week? You ought to die the worst of deaths—to be pecked into a thousand pieces.' Now hence, General Green, comes the morbid hatred of America, as you term it. Because her conduct has been predatory—because she has ruined so many helpless children, so many miserable women, so many aged men—because she has disturbed the order of the world, and rifled those sacred treasures which human virtue had hoarded for human misery. Why is such hatred morbid? Why, is it not just, inevitable, innate? Why, is it not disgraceful to want it? Why, is it not honourable to feel it?"

Hate America! I have loved and honoured America all my life; and in the "Edinburgh Review," and at all opportunities which my trumpery sphere of action has afforded, I have never ceased to praise and defend the United States; and to every American to whom I have had the good fortune to be introduced, I have proffered all the hospitality in my power. But I cannot shut my eyes to enormous dishonesty; nor, remembering their former state, can I restrain myself from calling on them (though I copy Satan) to spring up from the gulf of infamy into which they are rolling.

Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen.

I am astonished that the honest States of America do not draw a *Cordon Sanaire* round their unpaid brethren, that the truly mercantile New Yorkers, and the thoroughly honest people of Massachusetts, do not in their European visits wear an uniform with "S. S., or Solvent States," worked in gold letters upon the coat, and receipts in full of all demands tambered on the waistcoats, and "our own property" figured on their pantaloons.

But the General seems shocked that I should say the Americans cannot go to war without money; but what do I mean by war? Not interruptions into Canada—not the embodying of militia in Oregon, but a long tedious maritime war of four or five years' duration. Is any man so foolish as to suppose that Rothschild has nothing to do with such wars as these? and that a bankrupt State, without the power of borrowing a shilling in the world, may not be crippled in such a contest? We all know that the Americans can fight. Nobody doubts their courage. I see now, in my mind's eye, a whole army on the plains of Pennsylvania in battle array, immense corps of insolvent light infantry, regiments of heavy horse debtors, battalions of repudiators, brigades of bankrupts, with *Vivre sans payer*, *au mourir*, on their banners, and *are alieno* on their trumpets; all these desperate debtors would fight to the death for their country, and probably drive into the sea their invading creditors. Of their courage, I repeat again, I have no doubt. I wish I had the same confidence in their wisdom. But I believe they will become intoxicated by the flattery of unprincipled orators; and instead of entering with us into a noble competition in making calico (the great object for which the Anglo-Saxon race appears to have been created), they will waste their happiness and their money (if they can get any) in years of silly, bloody, foolish, and accursed war, to prove to the world that Perkins is a real fine gentleman, and that the cannonades of the Washington steamer will carry farther than those of the British Victoria, or the Robert Peel vessel of war.

I am accused of applying the epithet repudiation to states which have not repudiated. Perhaps so; but then these latter states have not paid. But what is the difference between a man who says, "I don't owe you anything, and will not pay you," and another who says, "I do owe you a sum," and who, having admitted the debt, never pays it? There seems in the first to be some slight colour of right, but the second is broad, blinding, refulgent, meridian fraud.

It may be very true that rich and educated men in Pennsylvania wish to pay the debt, and that the real objectors are the Dutch and German agriculturists, who cannot be made to understand the effect of character upon clover. All this may be very true, but it is a domestic quarrel. Their churchwardens of repudiation must make a private rate of infamy for themselves—we have nothing to do with this rate. The real quarrel is the Unpaid World versus the State of Pennsylvania.

And now, dear Jonathan, let me beg of you to follow the advice of a real friend, who will say to you what Wat Tyler had not the virtue to say, and what all speakers in the eleven recent Pennsylvanian elections have cautiously abstained from saying, "Make a great effort; book up at once and pay." You have no conception of the obloquy and contempt to which you are exposing yourselves all over Europe. Bull is naturally disposed to love you; but he loves nobody who does not pay him. His imaginary paradise is some planet of punctual payment, where ready money prevails, and where debt and discount are unknown. As for me, as soon as I hear the last farthing is paid to the last creditor, I will appear on my knees at the bar of



the Pennsylvania Senate, in the plumcopician robe of American controversy. Each conscript Jonathan shall trickle over me a few drops of tar, and help to decorate me with those penal plumes in which the vanquished reasoner of the Transatlantic world does homage to the physical superiority of his opponents. And now, having eased my soul of its indignation, and sold my stock at 40 per cent. discount, I sulkily retire from the subject, with a fixed intention of lending no more money to free and enlightened republics, but of employing my money henceforward in buying up Abyssinian bonds and purchasing into the Turkish Fours, or the Tunis Three and a Half per Cent. Funds.

SYDNEY SMITH.

To the Publisher of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

SIR,—As agent for your paper, I feel it my duty to apprise you that on his route to join in the hunt with the Earl of Wilton, the Duke of Nemours alighted at the Rugby Station, and desired to have a copy of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS, containing portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Nemours; and on his Royal Highness being supplied with a copy by the news-vender, he expressed the most decided pleasure at that beautifully illustrated paper. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WILLIAM MARTIN.

### THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

WINDSOR, MONDAY.—Her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Duchess de Nemours, took an early walk this morning in the grounds about the Castle. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was taken a carriage airing this morning, attended by the Dowager Lady Lytton. Their Royal Highnesses the Princess Royal and the Princess Alice were also taken for their customary morning airing on the terrace and in the grounds adjoining the Castle. His Royal Highness Prince Albert accompanied by his Royal guest the Duke de Nemours, and attended by Mr. G. E. Anson and Colonel Wylde, went to enjoy the sport of shooting in the Royal reserves. His Royal Highness the Duke de Nemours was attended by le General Colbert and le Capitaine de Reille. Le Comte de Rohan Chabot had the honour of accompanying the Royal sportsmen.

TUESDAY.—This being the anniversary of the birth of the Princess Royal (the "firstborn" of her Majesty), the bells of the parish church and the chapel of St. George rang merry peals at intervals throughout the day. At an early hour the band of the 1st Life Guards proceeded from the cavalry barracks to the Castle, where they stationed themselves beneath the chamber window of the Infant Princess, and serenaded her Royal Highness for nearly an hour. A grand banquet was given by her Majesty in the evening, covers being laid for 32.

It is stated to be her Majesty's intention to honour Sir Robert Peel with a visit at his residence at Drayton Manor, on Tuesday the 28th inst. Her Majesty will proceed from Windsor Castle to Watford, and thence by railway to Drayton Manor, to remain till Friday, the 1st of December, when her Majesty will go on a visit to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

On Monday, the 4th of December, the Queen will honour the Duke of Rutland with a visit at Belvoir Castle, and return to Windsor Castle on the 7th. Her Majesty will be accompanied by his Royal Highness Prince Albert; and we learn that her Majesty the Queen Dowager has signified to Sir Robert Peel her intention of joining the Royal party at Drayton Manor on the 29th inst., so that the Premier will have the distinguished honour of receiving in his house at the same time his Sovereign and her illustrious Consort, and her Majesty the Queen Dowager, with their respective suites and attendants.

DEATH OF THE COUNTESS OF MAYO.—This venerable lady died on Sunday last at the residence of her sister, Mrs. T. Smith, Burstead Lodge, Bognor, Sussex.

THE DUKE OF BORDEAUX.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Bordeaux, accompanied by his suite, consisting of the Duke de Levis, the Duke Descars, Admiral Villaret de Joyeuse, and M. J. Barraude, visited Leeds on Thursday. His Royal Highness arrived by the mid-day railway train from Sheffield, and took up his residence at Scarborough's Hotel, where he remained until Friday afternoon, when his Royal Highness and his suite departed by the York and North Midland Railway for Burton Constable, in the east riding of Yorkshire, on a visit to Sir Clifford Constable. From Burton Constable his Royal Highness proceeds to Hornby Castle, the seat of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, and thence on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland at Alnwick Castle. Sir John Shelley's mansion, in Belgrave-square (late in the occupation of the Duke of Marlborough), has been taken for the Duke de Bordeaux during his Royal Highness's residence in London. The house, it is said, has been taken for three months certain. His Royal Highness is expected on the 28th inst. M. de Chateaubriand is shortly expected in London, and will take up his residence at the house of the Prince.

His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar arrived on a visit to his illustrious aunt, the Queen Dowager, at Whiteley Court, on Friday morning, from Windsor where he had been doing duty with his regiment. His Serene Highness slept at Birmingham on Thursday night, having arrived there from the metropolis by the mail train.

APPROACHING ALLIANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—About the second week in the ensuing month, Mr. Francis Hastings Russell, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, eldest son of Lord William Russell, is expected to lead to the altar the Lady Elizabeth Sackville West, eldest daughter of the Lord Chamberlain and Countess Delaware.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Abercorn and family arrived at Barons Court, county Tyrone, from the noble Marquis's seat in the Highlands, last week. We hear the noble Marquis and Marchioness have made arrangements to stay in Ireland for two months, and then to return to their suburban seat at Stanmore.

A Cabinet Council was held at one o'clock on Monday afternoon at the Foreign-office. Sir Robert Peel arrived in town in the forenoon from a visit to her Majesty, at Windsor Castle, and attended the council. The Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Wharfedale, the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl of Haddington, Earl of Ripon, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and Sir Henry Hardinge were also present. The council sat three hours.

The Duke of Wellington had a Cabinet dinner on Wednesday evening at Apsley House. The noble and gallant duke departs this day, or early on Monday morning, for Drayton Manor, on a visit to Sir Robert Peel during the stay of the Queen and Prince Albert, and thence to Chatsworth, where the noble duke remains until the departure of her Majesty, and then goes to Belvoir Castle, the Duke of Rutland's seat, in Lincolnshire.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEMOURS.—The stay of the royal visitors, at present the guests of her Majesty, it is expected will not be prolonged beyond Saturday or Tuesday next at the latest, Admiral Casy having given orders to have every preparation made for the embarkation of the Duke and Duchess of Nemours on the former day.

Another Cabinet Council was held on Tuesday evening, at the Foreign-office. The Duke of Buccleuch arrived in town on Tuesday, to attend the Council, from Windsor Castle. The Council sat two hours and a half.

The Ecclesiastical Commission for England had a meeting on Tuesday afternoon, at the office in Whitehall-place.

The Attorney-General transacted business yesterday at the Home-office. The Committee on Education of the Lords of her Majesty's most honourable Privy Council had a meeting on Tuesday, at the Council-office.

Lord Rodney has bought one of the splendid houses in Eccleston square for his future town residence.

The Duke of Rutland is suffering from a troublesome attack of rheumatism, but his indisposition is not of a serious character. Should, however, the noble duke continue unwell, it will be impossible for his grace to receive the Queen and her illustrious consort, who contemplated visiting Belvoir on leaving the Duke of Devonshire's seat in Derbyshire.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.—Her Royal Highness has been and continues seriously indisposed. She passed an indifferent night on Tuesday night. Dr. Hawkins and Mr. Keate attend the Royal Duchess. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and the other members of the Royal Family, sent to inquire after the health of their illustrious relative. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House on Wednesday morning, to pay a visit to his royal sister, previous to his leaving town. Many of the nobility and gentry called in the course of the day to make inquiry after the state of the Royal Duchess. The answer given was—"Her Royal Highness is going on favourably." His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge left town on Wednesday to honour Mr. Sloane Stanley at his seat, Paultons, Hants, with a visit.

THE DUC DE BORDEAUX.—BURTON CONSTABLE, NOV. 21.—His Royal Highness the Duc de Bordeaux and suite arrived at Hull at half past four on Friday last. From thence he proceeded to Burton Constable, on a visit to Sir Clifford and Lady Constable, where a large party of nobility and gentry were assembled to meet his Royal Highness.

### THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE MIDLAND COUNTIES.

The *Derby Mercury* states that her Majesty and Prince Albert (having previously visited Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor) are expected to arrive at the Railway Station, Derby, on Friday, Dec. 1, about two o'clock, on their way to Chatsworth, and that the special train which will convey them will proceed on to Chesterfield station without stopping, excepting to change the engine.

On reaching Chesterfield the Royal and illustrious party will be escorted to Chatsworth by the three troops of Yeomanry Cavalry connected with that district. The Duke of Devonshire has given instructions for the commencement of preparations at Chatsworth, and there cannot be a doubt but that princely mansion will be the focus of magnificent hospitality.

On Monday, Dec. 4, her Majesty will leave Chatsworth, and, again taking the railway at Chesterfield, will arrive at the Derby station probably about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the royal party will take the Midland Counties line, and proceed as far as the railway will serve—most likely either to Nottingham or Syston—to the Duke of Rutland's, at Belvoir Castle.

On her Majesty's return from Chatsworth, and on the arrival of the illustrious personages at our railway station, the corporation of Derby intend to present loyal addresses to her Majesty and Prince Albert, on the occasion of their visit to this county. Loyal addresses from the borough of Tamworth, and from Staffordshire and Leicestershire, will also be presented during the royal route.

### METROPOLITAN NEWS.

REPORT OF THE POSTAGE COMMITTEE.—The select committee appointed to inquire into the measures which have been adopted for the introduction of a general rate of postage, which is a very inconclusive document, concludes by stating that, on account of the late period of the session, they are unable to do more than report the evidence which they have taken; to which they beg leave to refer, as well as to the correspondence which will be found in the appendix, in connexion therewith, between the Treasury and the Post-office; from both of which departments they entertain no doubt these propositions will receive the fullest consideration.

DESTITUTION IN THE METROPOLIS.—During the last few days, though the weather has been mild, there have been as many as 300 men, women, and children, admitted into the Refuge for the Destitute. Playhouse yard: there having been since the opening last Monday week, 642 provided with nightly lodging, and who also have given them a slice of bread and butter. There will be no more than 300 allowed admission until the cold weather sets in, for fear of fever, which happened last year, from too many being congregated together.

THE NELSON COLUMN.—On Tuesday the scaffolding around the Nelson statue, at Charing-cross, was entirely removed, so that the large figure stood out boldly and conspicuously above the scaffolding that still surrounds the column itself.

At a meeting of the Court of Aldermen on Tuesday last, a resolution expressive of the thanks of the court to the late Lord Mayor was unanimously agreed to. At the same meeting the report of the gaol committee was read, which recommended the appointment of a superintendent with a salary of £300 a year, and £50 for a house.

On Monday last a meeting of the Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels, was held at their chambers, in St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square. The Lord Bishop of London was in the chair. The Secretary read the reports of the sub-committees, after which the meeting, having examined the cases referred to their consideration, voted grants of money towards building additional churches or chapels at various places. The society then examined the certificates of completion of the works in ten parishes. These were approved, and the board issued orders to the treasurer for the payment of the grant voted in each case.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The first meeting for the session, which was very numerous, was held on Monday evening at the rooms of the Institute in Grosvenor-street, W. Tite, Esq., F.R.S., architect of the New Royal Exchange, in the chair. After some illustrative remarks on the position which the society held in the scientific world both at home and abroad, the secretary read a long list of donations, including many valuable presents from the chief architectural and archaeological societies of the Continent.

DESTITUTION IN THE METROPOLIS.—On Monday, at noon, a public meeting was held in the theatre of the Western Literary Institution, Leicester-square, for the purpose of taking into consideration the destitution now existing in the metropolis, and also for adopting measures to alleviate the distresses of the houseless poor. On the committee entering the theatre, the Rev. Mr. Ward was voted to the chair, supported by Lord Dudley Stuart, Viscount Ranelagh, Sir Joseph Copley, Mr. Robinson, Chairman of Lloyd's; Mr. Hankey, Mr. B. B. Cabell, Mr. Pagliano; and amongst other gentlemen present were, Sir De Lacy Evans, Hon. Stuart Wortley, Mr. Kingscote, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Luke Hansard, Mr. Walter, and others.—Mr. Arber, the promoter of the measure, briefly explained to the meeting that it was originally proposed to pass a series of resolutions—the first, to the effect that the Right Rev. the Bishop of London, with the parochial clergy, be requested to become president and vice-presidents of the proposed institution. The second, that a provisional committee be appointed; and the last, that a public subscription be set on foot in behalf of the institution, to be called the Western Refuge for the Destitute. These resolutions, however, were thought by some of the gentlemen on the committee to be hardly comprehensive enough in their nature.—Viscount Ranelagh said that he was decidedly of this opinion. He thought that if any measures were taken they ought, to meet adequately the destitution that now existed in the metropolis, to be taken upon a national and comprehensive scale. (Applause.)

The house of refuge to be established should be as well known as St. Paul's (Applause).—Lord Dudley Stuart was most happy to take part in any measure that might tend to obliterate the reproach which all must feel so grievously attached to the wealthier classes of this metropolis, in having neglected so long to provide a refuge for those houseless and shelterless beings who thronged our public thoroughfares and parks. (Applause.) He moved a resolution that it is expedient to establish an institution for the relief of the houseless and destitute poor in the metropolis, and would suggest that the meeting be adjourned to Exeter Hall until some future day, and that the Bishop of London be requested to preside. (Applause).—Mr. B. B. Cabell seconded the resolution.—Sir De Lacy Evans, Mr. Ridgway, Mr. Kingscote, Mr. Robinson, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting.—It was suggested that the Fleet Prison might be appropriated as a place of refuge; and the meeting, after the appointment of a provisional committee, consisting principally of the gentlemen present, broke up.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—The tardy improvements in New Farringdon-street, which is to form the leading line of communication from Holborn-bridge to Islington, have at last commenced, and a very handsome house, in the best style of street architecture, has just been completed at the Holborn terminus. Here there will be a crescent of handsome houses and shops, the effect of which, when completed, will be very good from Farringdon-street. Scaffolding is erected, and excavations have been made for building six other houses in the new street.

HUNGERFORD SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—It is intended to open this bridge early in May next. The abutments on either side of the Thames, and the pier on the Hungerford side, are completed. The pier on the Lambeth side is expected to be finished by Christmas. The length from pier to pier will be 600 feet, the entire length of the bridge, from the abutments on the Hungerford side to the opposite, will be 1440 feet. Its breadth in "the clear" will be about 15 feet, and its height from the water level to the foot-way, 28 feet.

### ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN KENT-STREET, BOROUGH.—On Monday forenoon a fire broke out in the store warehouses of Mr. Lewis, hemp manufacturer, Bowles's-place, Kent-street, Borough. From the nature of the stock on fire, before the workmen could procure any water, the flames had spread with the most frightful rapidity. In less than one hour from the outbreak of the fire, nearly the whole contents of the warehouses, consisting of Manila hemp, were entirely destroyed. The loss will fall heavily on Mr. Lewis, he not having effected any insurance. The fire originated through placing the hemp too near a warm air stove.

Another fire took place about half-past nine o'clock, in the house of Mr. Robert, Hemlock court, Carey-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. It originated in a cellar, containing various articles of furniture, &c. The neighbours, fortunately, quickly procured the parish engine, and by the great exertions of those present, the damage was principally confined to where the fire originated. The building is the property of Mr. Short, of the Somerset Hotel, Strand.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, an old man, named Shanks, was killed at the Sluiceway Railway. He was walking on the railroad; but being hard of hearing he did not hear the train approaching, so that before the engineer could stop the machinery, the engine and the other vehicles trode him down. He was dreadfully mangled, and died in a short time.

IRVINE.—TWO LIVES LOST.—An accident of a very distressing nature occurred at the bar-mouth of Irvine on Wednesday morning. John Ritchie and his sons, James and John, fishermen, having been out as usual fishing in the bay, on returning about nine o'clock, encountering a strong swell on the bar; and, while struggling through the surge, a heavy sea struck and filled the boat, which instantly went down. The accident was seen by people on the quay, who immediately sent off assistance, and succeeded in picking up one of the sons (John), who managed to keep himself afloat by clinging to one of the oars, but his father and brother met a watery grave.

On Saturday night, between the hours of seven and eight, a destructive fire broke out in the immense range of premises belonging to Mr. George Salmon, timber-merchant, situate in Macclesfield-street, City-road. The fire was first discovered raging in one of the buildings where the veneering was done. The origin of the fire could not be ascertained. It is supposed the amount of property destroyed exceeds £1500. The loss will fall on the County fire-office.

Between four and five o'clock on Saturday morning a fire broke out upon the extensive premises in the occupation of Messrs. Edgington and Sons, the rick-cloth makers in the Old Kent-road. Assistance being speedily procured, the fire was fortunately extinguished with but little destruction of property.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY MR. C. GUBBINS.—On Monday an attempt on the part of this gentleman to commit suicide, was the cause of much excitement in the vicinity of Mr. Joseph Hume's residence, the scene of this occurrence. On Monday morning, shortly before five o'clock, the screams of Mrs. Gubbins awoke Mr. Hume and his family, and it was discovered that the unfortunate gentleman had thrown himself from his bed-room window, on the third floor, on the pavement. He was found there in a pool of blood. Having been conveyed into the house in an insensible state, in addition to other serious injuries, Mr. Gubbins was found to have sustained a compound fracture of one of his thighs, and his other leg was broken. Faint hopes are entertained of his ultimate recovery.

### NATIONAL SPORTS.

Fox-hunting does not commence in earnest till December; for in the month of November not one horse of a hundred is in condition to live fifteen minutes, best pace, with a vermin of *caste*. The people of the leash, however, are up and at it: the nut brown partridges and brilliant pheasants "rue the rising of the sun," ere steeple-chasing has set in with its accustomed severity. To which of these three shall we address ourselves? Seeing that the latter is a rude type of racing, from which we have so recently parted, we will, for the nonce, specu-

late, if it should so please the reader, in that branch of Olympics known to the ancients of this land as the "Wild-goose chase." Within the last few years, the system of racing over the country—to which the name of steeple-chasing has been given (probably upon the principle that "the nearer the church the farther from —")—has acquired a high degree of popularity with equestrian sporting circles, both here and on the Continent. Oddly enough, at a time when the handicap is found to be necessary for the preservation of the turf, this sport is flourishing exceedingly, albeit each season sees its harvest reaped—at least all its richest fields—by one or two animals: yesterday, Lottery; to-day, Cheroot. It is perhaps out of season to relate how we stand affected towards it: yet we cannot let the chance pass to say, we hold it in no esteem. It is, after all, little else but hunting—following your nose instead of your fox. Why then mount some strange cavalier or fancy stable-man on your horse above price, and take his pleasure by essaying how fast he can make cross-country pace! It used to be said of the present noble Master of the Horse, that in his young days he was wont to lament the danger which attached to being fired out of a mortar, because he could never get a horse to go fast enough for him. How fortunate that the close of his life could be solaced by steeple-chasing—over the Great Western Railway.

The leading contests of the kind embraced under the head of steeple chases, to which the season has so far given existence, are those of Newport Pagnel in England, and Dunboyne in Ireland. The former was, to our taste, a legitimate specimen of the sport. Nineteen started, and it was cleanly won by Mr. T. Oliver, on his own nag—Cheroot. This excellent rider began his career in the ranks—that is to say, professionally. After undergoing as many hard knocks as a frontier fortress of the Low Countries, Fortune thought fit to smile on him, and last year he made a good thing of his "dreadful trade." At Newport Pagnel he enjoyed something resembling the treat Mr. Lord Jersey was wont to court—besides putting into his pocket £555—if he gets it. Lottery, receiving 12lb., ran an indifferent second—Peter Simple, Vanguard, and a host of good names—nowhere. Thus the crack thing of the month came off among the Saxons. The Milesians had their grand chase on the 12th inst., some score of miles from Dublin. For this six started, and four were killed outright. We cannot refrain from giving the details of these sudden deaths in the characteristic words of the Irish reporter—"The public are at all times difficult to please, and in this instance, counting on the superiority of the horses engaged, they expected great things, and consequently were not at all pleased at the indifference of the contest. This feeling, however, soon gave way to regret when it was known that Regulator and Reynard were for ever put *hors de combat*. The former fell at the smallest fence in the line, and was dead in an instant—his body slipping into the narrow ditch, where it lay a perfect picture for the pencil of a Landseer. Reynard's back was broken, also, at an insignificant little up-jump." The victor in this ensanguined field was a mare, called Brunette, by Sir Hercules, ridden by Mr. Colgam—a regular Centaur, by all accounts. The Emerald Isle has ever been famous for its bruising riders, yet we find their matches for them when they come among us. Her hunters, whether on two legs or four, have it not all their own way in the land of Bull.

If it be permitted to close this paper with a word about betting and the Derby, our duty will be found a brief one. The lot backed is chiefly the same quoted last week; the only change of mark being the advance of Monday on Rattan, eagerly done at 13 to 2—a nice price to burn fingers at. The safest investments, we should say, were 1550 to £50 against Rattan winning Derby and Leger; and 40 to 1 against Faugh-a-Ballagh. We call the attention of our readers to this horse, when 50 to 1 was current against him.

### PENCILINGS OF THE FOUR COURTS, FROM THE SKETCH BOOK OF AN IRISH BARRISTER, DURING THE PENDING STATE PROSECUTIONS.

Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,  
E terrâ magnum aliteris spectare laborem.—LUCRETIVS.

The enraged Atlantic, rising in mountains, is sublime in the highest degree, and would yield a pleasing astonishment to one who could see it without fear, but conveys too many ideas of danger and difficulty to produce the soothing and cheerful delight which attends the contemplation of what is beautiful.—BEATTIE.

The Christian sentiment is much more beautiful than the Epicurean; and yet there are those in this Christian country who look on the momentous scene of agitation which Ireland presents at this moment, without being influenced by those "ideas of danger and difficulty" which force themselves upon the mind of modern humanization, and were unknown to the selfish philosophy of old. Sooth to say, most men are accustomed to look on the moral Ocean, when it "upheaves its vastness," not with the naked eye of truth, but through different ends of the telescope. If there be those who magnify danger, seeing it nearer than it really is, there are those who despise it, fancying it far away. They are the excited politicians on both sides. One man, standing by the sounding deep, imagines that he sees the vessel of the State at the mercy of winds and waves, and driving amongst the Cyclades. He is seized almost with despair. Another sees her safely and majestically riding over the swelling but unbroken waters. His mind is filled with the idea of vast agitation without difficulty. The boldness, the skill, the security of her mariners, and the perfection of her mechanism, which is not endangered by the mightiest effort, are felt by him, and suggest pleasurable emotions. He is excited. Both are excited, although by different passions. This is not a party view of the case, for I hint pretty strongly at false mediums and consequent exaggeration on both sides. There is more in my hint for the people of England than they may at first glance be inclined to imagine. One thing is certain—these Crown prosecutions of Mr. O'Connell and the other "conspirators," may be necessary or not; they may turn out legally successful or not—they never can settle "the state of Ireland question." That must be settled, for every man of common sense and humanity in these countries, of what shade of politics soever he be, says it must; and that, once said, forms already the basis of conciliation.

It cannot affect the great settlement one jot whether Mr. O'Connell and his companions be imprisoned, or, through the cleverness of their counsel, be enabled to blink her Majesty's Irish Attorney-General. Those who say that O'Connell's imprisonment—and myriads already say so—would create a rebellion in Ireland, are as absurd and as far from the truth as those who, on the other hand, aver that, if he non-suits the Government, his next step will be a serious attempt at dismembering the empire. I have better hopes for Ireland, and for England also.

There are those, on the one hand, who find great profit in agitation; there are those, on the other, who do not lose much by keeping up the cry of alarm. O'Connell's flag is flying, it is certain, with a very picturesque effect, and reminds one of Dryden's fine illustration of the beauty of motion, in his "Annus Mirabilis":—

The flag aloft spread rifling to the wind,  
And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire;  
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,  
Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

The *Liffey* is not set on fire as yet; neither do I think that the great "Liberty weaver" is charmed thoroughly at the produce of his Irish loom. But, if he has "gone to sea, and knows not to retire," who shall say at this moment that the Crown lawyers are not "at sea" also? In truth, they are not very cool about the business—quite the contrary. To all outward appearances, they seem to be more excited than anybody else. They do these things better in England; although, to be sure, they have recently made some strange mistakes in their state prosecutions. Still, they keep their temper. But, is it not very difficult to keep one's temper when badgered at unforeseen points, and over-matched, or, at all events, far outnumbered? It was, certainly, talking as I have been of excitement, a most exciting scene, that which took place in the Irish Queen's Bench on the 15th. Had Mr. O'Connell's life been at stake, instead of his plea of abatement, there could not have been a greater sensation. A description of this scene, however, I must reserve for a better opportunity. My English friends want to be introduced personally to the "conspirators." Before doing so, I would give them a brief idea of two respecting the judges of the Queen's Bench in Ireland; and next week they shall



## THE DUBLIN STATE TRIALS.

have portraits of the counsel and attorneys on both sides. Some of these are extraordinary men, and all worthy of notice.

## THE JUDGES.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE PENNEFATHER.

His lordship was one of the most distinguished men at the bar, and, whether as a lawyer or an advocate, he had very few competitors. Without wishing the remark to apply to the eminent person who presides over the Irish Queen's Bench, it may be observed that the question has from time to time been mooted whether the best lawyers make always the best judges, and it has often been remarked that a mediocrity of talent and legal acquirements, accompanied by patience, equanimity, and a good constitution, has enabled, in many instances, its possessors to rank amongst the most useful members of the judicial bench in this, as well as the sister country. His lordship for many years previous to his elevation enjoyed but very indifferent health, and, like Sir William Follett, afforded one of those rare exceptions to the general rule, that "if a lawyer leaves his business, his business will leave him." His lordship, like the English Solicitor-General, has been often obliged, from ill health, to absent himself for months together from his profession, and to leave his clients in other hands; and yet his return was scarcely announced when his business was as great, his bag as full of briefs as ever, and his re-appearance was now and then so marked by increased power and renovated energies, that by all who hailed his return it might have been said of him—

Scarce out of sight,  
He burst more brilliantly to light.

His lordship's political opinions, whenever he felt called on to express any, were Conservative. Such expression, however, was by no means of frequent occurrence, and was never remarkable for that personal harshness and indiscreet violence, the faults, in too many instances, of our Irish politicians on both sides of the Boyne. When the present administration came into power, his lordship was offered the Irish Seals, Sir Edward Sugden having, it is said, refused them. When, however, the latter had re-considered his opinion, and agreed to accept them, the then Mr. Pennefather was offered the office of Solicitor-General, which he agreed to take under the present Master of the Rolls, who was then Attorney-General, and this arrangement was entered into with the distinct promise of the Chief Justiceship of the Queen's Bench when the vacancy should occur, which was then shortly expected. Although attached to his native country, as all Irishmen are, it would appear that the Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland entertains a more substantial predilection for England. Most, if not all his purchases of property, of late years—so I have been credibly informed—have been made in that country. This fact, under ordinary circumstances, might be deemed of trifling import; but in strange times like the present it is not without a meaning.

His lordship's brother, one of the Barons of the Exchequer, is one of the best judges on the bench in either country.

The Right Honourable Edward Pennefather, Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, was called to the bar in 1796; and his brother, the Honourable Richard Pennefather, second Baron of the Exchequer, was called in 1795. Chief Justice Pennefather is about in his seventieth year.



JUDGE BURTON.

CHIEF JUSTICE PENNEFATHER.

JUDGE CRAMPTON.

JUDGE PERRIN.

THE FOUR JUDGES.

JUDGE BURTON. The Honourable Charles Burton, second Justice of the Queen's Bench, is not an Irishman; and for the introduction of this great favourite of her bar, and distinguished ornament of her bench, Ireland is indebted to her illustrious son, the late John Phillipot Curran. He it was who, seeing the young Englishman's excellent aptitude and steady application to legal business, first induced him to think of Ireland as the field of his future exertions, and the Irish bar as his future profession. Judge Burton was called in the year 1792, and was, almost from the very first outset of his professional career, looked upon as a first-rate lawyer. He soon broke many a spear with some of the first and oldest legal champions, and had many a successful encounter with them in the lists of fame. For one of these, a giant in his way, the celebrated Sergeant (John) Bull, he was almost alone considered an equal, or as having a chance of success in an equity contest. Judge Burton's politics, as may be easily imagined from the

soon as possible. Judge Crampton was, when at the bar, taken great notice of by the Lord Chief Justice, and was looked upon by the profession as his lordship's pet, which may perhaps account for the fact that he has sat so frequently at Nisi Prius, and has had more business in that line than any other Irish puisne judge. Judge Crampton is a most accomplished man, and from his large mental acquirements may, although never having claimed the palm of eloquence, be deemed in all other respects as master of the requisites to make an orator of the true stamp according to the opinion of the Roman critic—"Omnibus artibus et disciplinis instructus atque ornatus." Judge Crampton has given through life many proofs of high moral and religious feeling, and amongst many instances of his character in this respect, it may be mentioned that the great cause of temperance, which has done so much to ameliorate the social condition of the Irish millions, can claim his lordship amongst its first and most consistent champions. Judge Crampton

auspices under which he entered public life, were Whig. During Mr. Curran's life he was intimately connected with the political party of his patron; but after his death he devoted himself almost exclusively to the duties of his profession. Whether his political opinions in later years, and especially since his elevation to the bench, have preserved a perfectly consistent complexion, is a question which I should not take upon myself to solve; but one thing is certain—that the Conservative party do not claim him as their own, although it is pretty certain that he afforded his son-in-law, the late eminent barrister, Mr. West, the most liberal pecuniary support in his various contests for the representation of the city of Dublin. If it be considered a fault to have been solicitous to add in such cases an unit to the strength of that party to which he had been opposed through life, it may, after all, be looked upon in a very venial light, when filial claims are recollected, and the strong natural love of a parent's breast is placed in conflict with principles of speculative consideration. And well might such a father, himself, in his public and private life, a most estimable and amiable man, entertain the deepest solicitude, and make the largest sacrifice, for such a son, beloved and respected as he, too, was by men of all parties.

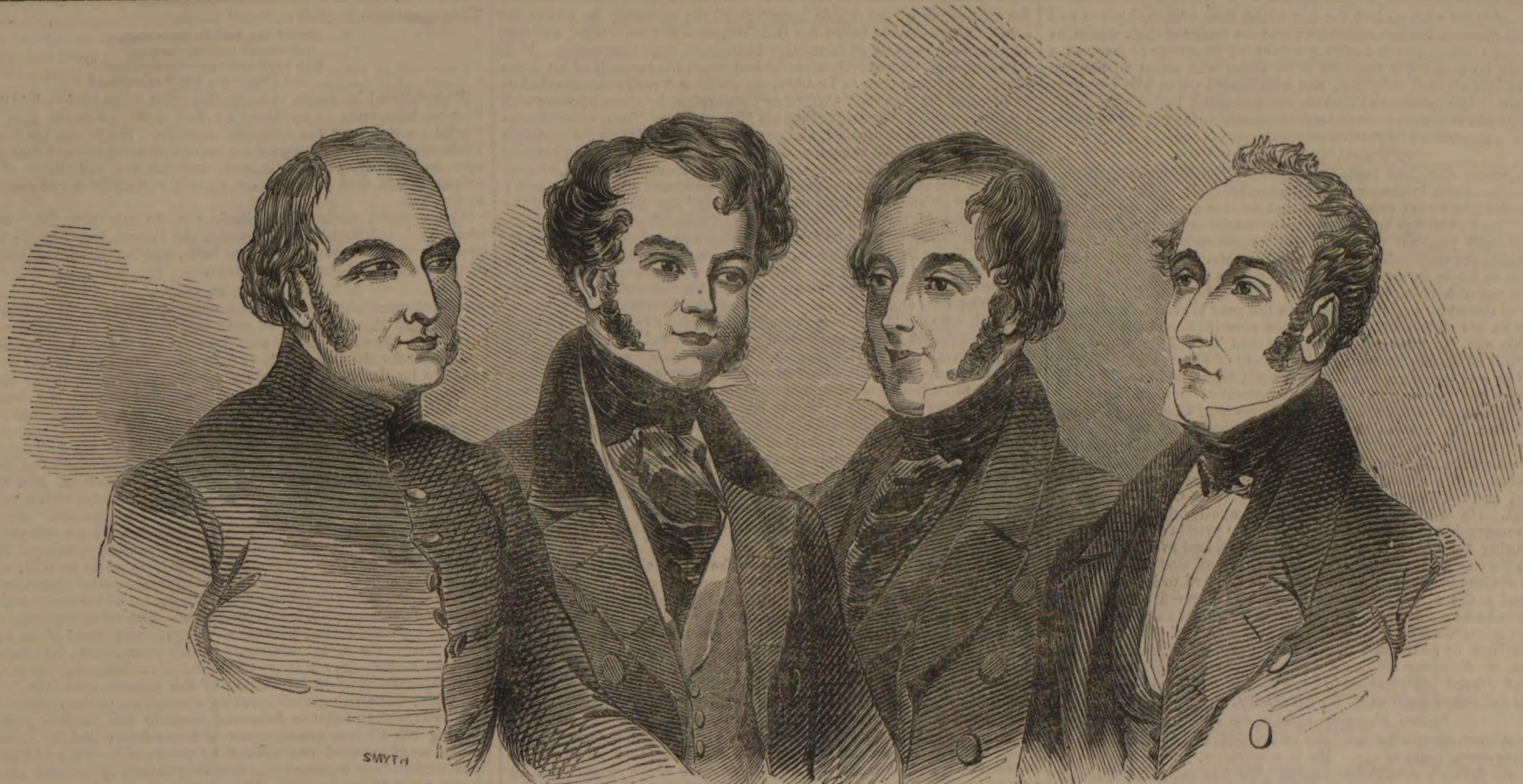
## JUDGE CRAMPTON.

The Hon. Philip Cecil Crampton, third Justice of the Queen's Bench, was called to the bar in the year 1810. His brilliant academic career at the Irish University afforded sure presage of his successful progress in the path of life which he selected for his future professional exertions. The honours which he won at his degree examination were followed by that one of most difficult attainment, and therefore most distinguished, a Fellowship of Trinity, and he was subsequently appointed Law Professor to the College. There is nothing remarkable in his political life or character. He sat on the Liberal side of the House of Commons for Dungarvan, and was a Whig Solicitor-General. Although his political opinions were always of a mild and moderate description, yet he stuck firmly by his party, and his party did not forget him. O'Connell never liked him, and he never liked O'Connell, so it is supposed, according to the spirit of political appointments, and the conflicting interests which governments have to consider amongst even their own supporters, that he was provided for, and "benched" out of the way as



THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.





T. STEELE, ESQ.

JOHN O'CONNELL, ESQ.

C. G. DUFFY, ESQ.

R. BARRETT, ESQ.

THE TRAVERSERS.

ton was a water drinker for a considerable time before Father Mathew's humane mission was ever thought of; and a singular anecdote is told of the determination which he at first evinced to give the strongest proof in his power of his utter hostility till the end of his life against everything like intemperance. He ordered the contents of a very valuable wine cellar to be emptied into the stream which flows through his villa near Bray, in the county Wicklow. Judge Cramp-ton is about sixty years of age.

JUDGE PERRIN.

The Right Honourable Louis Perrin, fourth judge of the Queen's Bench, is the descendant of a Huguenot family. His father was distinguished for scholastic attainments, and published a celebrated French pronouncing dictionary. In early life the distinguished object of our sketch was remarkable for untiring application to business, by which he soon acquired a thorough knowledge of revenue and crown law. He always stood high as an advocate at Nisi Prius, and as a sound constitutional lawyer was equally respectable. His perfect habits of business and solidity of judgment, as well as his character for straightforward sterling honesty in public and private life, induced those of the citizens of Dublin who belonged to the party to which his lordship has ever been attached, to fix their eyes upon him at the memorable general election of 1831, which carried the Reform Bill, as a fit person in every respect to represent their opinions in the Commons' House of Parliament. The corporation of Dublin, from time immemorial, had commanded the return of the city members. So overpowering, however, was the force which the civic body had to contend with on this occasion—Lord Anglesey's Government, without any disguise, threw its weight into the conflict—that it suffered a severe, but, after all, a temporary defeat, for Perrin and Harty (Sir Robert, then Lord Mayor of Dublin) were unseated on petition. Mr. Perrin was subsequently invited by a large body of the electors of Monaghan to sit for that county at the next general election; and his return was achieved after a very severe and well-sustained contest by both parties. He then became Solicitor-General to the Whigs, the late much-lamented Sir Michael O'Loughlen, afterwards appointed to the Mastership of the Rolls, being Attorney-General. His parliamentary career was of short duration. His opinion was highly respected, and his advice was very much sought for by the Government of the day. Judge Perrin was called to the bar in the year 1806, and has passed his sixtieth year.

THE TRAVERSERS.

If place aux dames be an old rule of politeness never questioned,



O'CONNELL.

priority to their reverences is equally acknowledged when with laymen they are seized upon by Fortune, to prove that they too are not beyond her power, and are candidates for the voice of Fame.

MR. O'CONNELL.

Who wants to know who he is? A thousand biographies have been written of him; and "Si historiam qui circumspect!"

Mr. O'Connell is charged with uttering seditious speeches on occasions amounting to about fifty—the indictment and bill of particulars setting forth in all instances the times and places, and in many instances the speeches; with collecting large meetings for purposes of intimidation; with uttering speeches intended and calculated to corrupt the army and navy; with issuing certain documents, signed by him as chairman of the Repeal Committee, having a similar tendency; and with endeavouring to bring her Majesty's constituted Courts of Law into disrespect by forming other tribunals.

THE REV. MR. TYRRELL.

To all outward appearance this reverend gentleman would be deemed by a general observer of physiognomy, a quiet and amiable man. I am given to understand that whatever may be thought of his political opinions by those who are opposed to him, and no one can deny that he has expressed himself most strongly, there is but one opinion as to his private as well as his professional character, which is very much esteemed by his parishioners. I believe I am correct in stating, that in former years he engaged in the anti-tithe warfare, which for a long time agitated Ireland previously to the passing of Lord Stanley's bill, which changed that impost into a rent-charge. From that period until very recently, although the rev. gentleman always entertained Repeal opinions, he never assumed a prominent political position before the public eye. The circumstances which brought upon him the penal notice of the Government were his moving the resolutions at the Abbey-street Theatre, which had been intended for the Clontarf monster meeting, and his speech on their general subject matter. One of them, although applicable to the theatre of Brian Boromhe's celebrated victory over the Danish invaders of his country, was not exactly the thing for the Abbey-street stage, where nothing more serious in the fighting line but melo-dramatic combats and circus charges of Batty's cavalry had ever taken place, and the words with which it set forth, "Here standing upon the graves of the valiant dead," were consequently looked upon at the time to all intents and purposes as an Irish bull of the very best breeding. It is but due to the reverend gentleman to state, that very recently he made a speech in the Conciliation Hall, in which he denied that he



REV. J. TYRRELL.

DOCTOR GRAY.

T. M. RAY, ESQ.

REV. T. TIERNEY.

THE TRAVERSERS.



was one of those who wished for war whilst they preached peace and good-will between the two countries; and he declared that, whilst as a man and Christian such duplicity would be unworthy of him, as a clergyman he could not sanction it in those who came within the sphere of his clerical influence, and who looked up to him for spiritual advice. His ministerial labours are exercised in the neighbourhood of Lusk, of which he is the parish priest, in the county of Dublin. He is upwards of fifty years of age.

#### THE REV. MR. TIERNEY

is a clergyman also, but from a more remote district, being parish priest of Clontibret, in the county of Monaghan. It is but justice to this reverend gentleman also to state that he is a great favourite with his parishioners, and has been on terms of social intercourse with the gentry of both political parties in his neighbourhood, his private means, which are very independent, enabling him in his turn to see his friends at home in gentlemanly style, and in all respects to act up to the feelings of hospitable friendship. He was born in the parish of Donagh, in the county of Monaghan, in the year 1790, and he is consequently in his fifty-third year. In the year 1813, and the twenty-third of his age, he received holy orders, and in 1817 was appointed parish priest of Aghalurcher, in the county of Fermanagh. In the year 1820 he was transferred to the parish of Clones, and in 1824 again to the parish of Clontibret, where he at present resides, and is one of the Catholic canons of the chapter of the diocese of Clogher, of which the Right Rev. Dr. Kernan is the Roman Catholic Bishop. He has mingled very actively in politics, and especially at the elections of his native country. In 1832, he took a very prominent part at the election which ended in the return of the Hon. Henry Westmore, now Lord Rossmore, and the defeat of Mr. Lucas, the present Under-Secretary for Ireland. He is stated to have observed recently, that it was particularly remarkable that, whilst hundreds of the priests of Ireland had been speaking for a long time in all directions, and in stronger language, in favour of the repeal question, they had not attracted the attention of Government; and when he came forward to hand in a few pounds and make a few observations, he was deemed of sufficient consequence to be pounced upon with all the weight of state authority. If political martyrdom be a high honour in the eyes of his party, and to be cherished by gentlemen of his sacred profession, the reverend gentleman, in throwing off the cassock for the garb of the citizen orator, has proved his opinions to be of strong and signal attraction, and he has got pretty good value for his money.

#### JOHN O'CONNELL, ESQ., M.P.

This gentleman is third son of the O'Connell, and is about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. He is a barrister, and is one of the judges of his father's arbitration courts. He has sat in Parliament for the boroughs of Athlone and Youghal, and now sits for Kilkenny. He may be called the financial backbone of the Repeal Association, if getting up the fiscal grievances of Ireland for his father, and affording pabulum of this kind, may be looked upon in this light. He was originally educated at the celebrated Catholic College, Clongowes Wood, in Kildare, where he highly distinguished himself. He afterwards entered the Dublin University, through which he quietly passed, without achieving, or, I believe, attempting, any particular academic distinction.

Mr. John O'Connell is a remarkably amiable and respectable young man in private life, and is now about thirty-two years of age. He married not long since a lady of good family, a Roman Catholic like himself, and possessing, with a good fortune, a cultivated mind and rare personal attractions—Miss Ryan, of Jubilee Hall, in the county of Dublin.

#### MR. THOMAS MATTHEW RAY.

The Secretary of the Repeal Association is a striking instance of extraordinary times producing extraordinary men. He is about forty-five years of age, and we find him not only keeping terms at the Irish inns of court (the Queen's), but also in *status pupillari* at the Dublin University, whilst at the same time he conducts the multifarious and intricate business of the Corn Exchange. The far-seeing eye of the Repeal commander was fixed upon him from the outset as the best quartermaster-general, and the object of his selection, by his comprehensive plans and general tact as an administrator, very soon added another strong proof to the many already afforded of Mr. O'Connell's profound skill in moral mensuration and sagacious discernments of human character. Critically situated as Mr. Ray is at this moment, and our views respecting such positions as he occupies before the public eye too often depends on our political prejudices—without attempting, too, to prognosticate as to his future destiny—it must be agreed on all sides that the few leading facts of his past life prove the truth of the old sayings, that "labour conquers everything," and "it is never too late to learn." Whether this indefatigable person shall hereafter claim as intimate an acquaintance with the literature of Athens as Cato, who turned his attention to its charming pursuit at a far later period of life, or prove himself as successful in his peculiar undertaking as the son of Loyola, who, after the fire of youth had been extinguished, and its hopes and passions were but a dream, founded an institution which, before long, caused empires to quake, and shook thrones to their centres—time and her Majesty's Attorney-General must show.

Mr. Ray began the world, I am informed, as a brewer's clerk, and subsequently followed the business of a scrivener. It is owing in a great measure to his long practice in this latter capacity that his penmanship, which is exceedingly beautiful, can challenge comparison with any other specimen of calligraphy in these countries. As an accountant he stands unrivalled in the city of Dublin, and there are many rather "smart" fellows in the Irish metropolis in this line on both sides of the ledger. He is the great guide and repository of the statistics of the association, and by his arrangements—a most perfect system of moral mapping in their way, which have a far greater extent and comprehension than people in England are by any means disposed to fancy—there is not a man in any part of Ireland who cannot in five minutes be known and "found out" where he is, who he is, what are his means, what are his opinions, what character he bears, and all about him. More than this could not be achieved through the most accomplished system of police under the most despotic Government in Europe. Having ample experience of his great knowledge of men and things, as well as of his perfect business habits, Mr. Ray's friends, and amongst these his patron, Mr. O'Connell, not long since advised him to turn his attention to the bar as a profession, inspiring him with the certain hope of future forensic honours, and no doubt a seat in Ireland's Parliament "when she gets it." To enable him to be called much sooner than he should be without an academic degree, he entered the Dublin University about a year back, and I have heard from many Trinity men that he passed his junior Freshman's examination very respectably. Mr. Ray has the reputation of being a very well informed man on general subjects, and is said to possess considerable taste for the arts which elevate and adorn life, and which, "to have cultivated accurately ought to soften men's manners, and permit them not to run wild." It is needless to add, that such a person as this does not yield himself up to the fascinations of Irish convivial society, within the magic circle of which so many precious hours are lost, and so much of genius dies. He is "a man of business," with much of talent in his peculiar line to boast of, and much more of tact to depend on in difficult positions. He owes his present one, enviable or unenviable as it may be, to himself; he has worked hard to gain it; and in all probability he will work harder to retain it:—

Multa tulit fœtque puer, sudavit et alit.

Whether he is to be still more sweated and worked by fortune and the force of law, is not for me to opine, nor would it be fair, whilst sketching his portrait with anything but a political pencil, to express a hope one way or other as to his being "snuffed" or set free; but this much is certain, that Napoleon was stopped on his march to the East by "a man named Smith"—(Sir Sidney, at Acre)—and everybody knows that this is the name of her Majesty's Irish Attorney-General.

The charges against Mr. Ray are for reading certain documents at the meetings of the Repeal Association, and for announcing the receipt of money from time to time for forwarding its objects.

#### MR. STEELE

is of a very respectable Clare family, and was distinguished in early life by an honourable academic career at Trinity College, Dublin. His taste leading him more towards the pursuit of pure science than

the cultivation of the classic literature of the ancients, he proceeded shortly after—having taken his B.A. degree—to Cambridge, and was admitted *ad eundem* of Magdalen College of that University. It is stated of him, that shortly after he had taken his farewell of his Alma Mater, and being then in London, he could not make up his mind as to which of his "aunts," Oxford or Cambridge, he should favour with a sojourn until of standing to take his M.A. degree. Tom, whom everybody knows is an enthusiast, and has acted through life on the principle of "primum opus est consulto, dein facto," was sitting in the evening at the time I speak of, and a beautiful summer evening it was, as ever blessed a Christian country, pulling at his weed and his liquor, and I should not be surprised if he was "flooring" the last problem of the "Académie des Sciences," computing the tidal forces, or contemplating the future navigation of his native Shannon;—but where was he sitting? at the Bell and Crown, in Holborn; and, as he was sitting and sipping, and smoking and sublimating, and supervising the inn-yard from his niche in the window, in rolls the Cambridge coach with its four bloods, and "Hell-fire Dick," that celebrated gentleman of the road, who could take a fly from his off-leader's ear with the lash of his whip without teasing the animal; and who used to say to a new tit when unruly, "Perhaps you don't know who's sitting behind you!" Alas, I too, am an old Cantab, and may be pardoned for indulging for a moment in the pleasing, although melancholy, recollection of dear old Granta, whom those who have ever been taught to love must love for ever. It happens with individuals as with nations, as everybody knows, that very often great events from trifling causes spring. The Cambridge coach called up associations of Cambridge, and our predestined and pious pilgrim started for the splendid and far-famed seat of science that same night by the mail. At that time, as at present, the down mail to London left Cambridge not very long after the arrival of the up mail from London, the up and down of the thing being reversed by university men.

We always go from London down to the north, although we always go up to Cambridge, which is in the same direction. A passing moonlight view of the most beautiful Gothic chapel in the world, as our hero passed along King's Parade, the fine effect of the other magnificent academic structure "soft blending" with the starry camps of night (Cambridge was not then lit with gas), the memories of Newton, Bacon, Milton, and many more such mighty names, were not lost upon him. He took an hour's stroll and his supper, and returned to London by the other mail, fully determined that Granta was the thing for him and he the man for Granta. He soon carried his resolution into effect. His time at Cambridge was spent in the noiseless cultivation of his favourite pursuits, and during his sojourn he made the acquaintance and secured the friendship of some of the most honoured sons of the sister university. We next hear of him as a hero of the Trocadero; and it is well known that he took a gallant part with Sir Robert Wilson and others of our brave countrymen in assisting the Spaniards to secure their constitutional liberty, which ill-fated war of independence was terminated in favour of despotic power shortly after the French army crossed the Pyrenees in 1823. Mr. Steele lost a great deal of his paternal inheritance in scientific investigations, and especially in endeavouring to improve the navigation of the Shannon at his own expense. He took a very prominent part in the agitation for Catholic emancipation, and rendered himself very useful to his political leader at the Clare and other southern elections. He also was engaged very prominently and constantly in the anti-tithe war in Ireland, which followed the passing of the Relief Bill, and in 1831 he was prosecuted by Mr. Attorney-General Blackburne, for what was considered by the Crown-officers a very violent speech which he made before a Kilkenny audience. When offering the required security for his appearance at trial, he said—"You had better take it for double, for I am about to make another speech that will be much worse." Tom, somehow or other, had no particular predilection for being tried by certain twelve of "the boys of Kilkenny," so he started for Limerick, where he felt himself more at home, and astonished the natives with one of the most violent harangues against the order of things that has been heard even in Ireland since the landing of Strongbow. This is still remembered by all who heard it or read it by the name of the Black Abbey Speech. "By way of no mistake," he addressed a letter to Mr. Attorney-General, calling his attention to a copy of his Limerick performance, which he enclosed to that functionary, with the name of Thomas Steele attached to it for the Government's accommodation. Many might think this the act of a madman; but such men are by no means as mad as cooler heads and calmer natures give them credit for. Very many enthusiasts of the popular party in Ireland look upon a Crown prosecution as an honour of the highest order. To succeed to imprisonment in the cause of their political party is amongst their most golden dreams of distinction on this side of the grave; whilst suffering for conscience' sake, to drink of the cup of martyrdom, is, according to their fond and firm hope, to be crowned in the other world with a bright reward. With practical public men in these times, and in these countries, patriotism, like charity, begins at home; and, with such, this modern Andrew Marvel affects to hold no communion. The Government of the day prosecuted him for the Black Abbey Speech, and failed in its prosecution. In Ireland, above all other countries, the course of law has never yet run smooth. In Crown prosecutions, especially, you may have a clear case and be "cast," a bad one and gain a conviction. Morally speaking, you may feel yourself on Christmas eve, under the influence of a vertical sun, or shove your toes into the fire and bring them out frost bitten. A singular fact concerning the trial which took place at Limerick came to light not long afterwards. The jury consisted of ten Protestants and two Catholics. The latter were for finding the accused guilty for some time; but gave way to the former, who, from the first moment of entering the retiring room, declared their intention of acquitting him. When the first news of the present prosecutions arrived at Mr. O'Connell's house in Merrion-square, the names of the Right Reverend Dr. Mc Hale and other persons of importance, both lay and clerical, were spoken of as having been already selected by the Government for penal notice. The list spoken of as the "real and true one" contained most of the names afterwards indicted, and others which were not, but Mr. Steele's name not appearing in it, he paced up and down the apartment in which he had been sitting with Mr. O'Connell and others of the party, and after a good many turns he at last exclaimed, in accents of bitterest disappointment, "It was too bad to leave me out." His chagrin, however, passed away next day, when he found that Government had accommodated him. Mr. Steele is now in the front rank of danger, a post which, to do him nothing but justice, he has ever seemed disposed to occupy. He has passed the half century mark of years, with the snow-flakes of time thinly scattered over a very fine mathematical forehead. He would look very well in front of a cartoon of Cæsar's Tenth Legion landing between Deal and Dover, or as a veteran grenadier of the "Faugh-a-ballahs," charging the French with the butt-ends of their muskets. He speaks very deliberately, although the sentiments he gives utterance to are of the hyper-enthusiastic; takes long contemplative steps *coram publico*; but walks hastily when he gets clear of the snake and gains the country; has a very large head, and an honest face, both looking as though they were cut out of a block of granite; is a great lover of the arts, being very well acquainted with the works of the great masters of music, painting, sculpture, and architecture; is a thorough man of science, the slightest allusion to pure philosophy being sufficient to bring tears into his eyes; he is simple-minded, single-hearted, thoroughly sincere—whether right or wrong—in all he says or does; and with all these qualifications, he is still a bachelor, the possessor of a veteran military blue frock with a repeal button, in which, its continuations, his virtue and the memory of the past, he involves himself this cold November's night during which I write these notes, I hope, ill-natured observations. It is a fact—which Whig, Repealer, and Conservative in Ireland, will readily acknowledge—that if the Repeal rent produced one hundred thousand pounds per annum, "Poor Tom," who seems to have taken the vows of poverty and passive obedience at the Green Man's shrine, would not benefit more in a pecuniary point of view by the monster collection than he does at present. Unlike the dwarf in the "Citizen of the World" who forsook the giant after he found that he got all the wounds and none of the glory in the early adventures, our minor hero of the Repeal seems as firm as his own name would import:

Me, me adsum qui feci in me convertito—FERRUM!

Thus upset into English:

Here I am, and do your worst;  
Let me all your arrows feel:  
Fire until your bow-strings break!  
Fire away—my name is STEEL!

Poor fellow! he seems to enjoy this great State affair mightily; but it is no joke—nor is he likely to find it so no more than is the fearful condition of his wretched country. He is not the first poor Irishman who lived through long years dreaming of the disinterestedness and gratitude of public men, and the sun and moon of public principle, and died poor. I am equally certain he is not destined to be the last.

The charges against Mr. Steele are for attending the "monster meetings," and those within doors of the Repeal Association; for the speeches which he has delivered at both, and for the aiding in the collecting together of the said meetings.

#### MR. BARRETT

was, in former years, situated very respectably in trade as a brewer; but gave up the chymistry of malt and hops for political fermentation. His efforts in party warfare were, at first, as a pamphleteer and writer for the Conservative, then called the *Tory*, press, in which capacity he dealt out some hard hits at their reverences of the Catholic priesthood. These have long since been forgiven and forgotten, especially as he joined cause with them and served O'Connell, under whose auspices he launched his *Pilot* on the political waters some fifteen or sixteen years ago. His leading articles are fine specimens of epigrammatic abuse—short, sudden, and slashing, in the Red Indian tomahawk style—although, in private intercourse, Mr. Barrett is an inoffensive, pleasing, and gentlemanly person, with a very fair share of Irish wit, and a good fund of convivial anecdote. He is not far from sixty years of age, and was prosecuted some ten years ago by the Crown for publishing one of Mr. O'Connell's speeches. Having refused to give up that gentleman, his case came on to trial, and he was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, which he underwent in Kilmainham, the prison of the county of Dublin, occupying a portion of the governor's suite of apartments all the time, as Cobbett did at Newgate, and enjoying himself as best he could under the circumstances. In this prison, also, had been confined previously Mr. Marcus Costello, Mr. John A. Curran, Mr. John Sheehan (one of the editors of the *Comet*), and Mr. Thomas Reynolds, for writing and speaking against the tithe system; and it may be as well to tell the following facts to the English public respecting the Crown prosecutions of those days; that the Irish tithe system as then cried out against by these malcontents and the millions whom they represented, was very shortly afterwards abolished by act of Parliament. Mr. Marcus Costello has been subsequently appointed Attorney-General of Gibraltar. Messrs. Curran and Sheehan are members of the Irish bar, and Mr. Reynolds is marshal to the city of Dublin.

Mr. Barrett is charged at present with publishing in the *Pilot* newspaper the alleged seditious speeches of the other "conspirators," as well as similar ones of his own; also with publishing certain official documents issued from the Repeal Association, and leading articles alleged to have a corruptive tendency with respect to the army and navy. His alleged presence at the Abbey-street meeting the day after the Clontarf affair, and at the Rotunda dinner the same evening, is one of the extraordinary mistakes fallen into by the Government reporter, and set forth amongst the sworn informations, but not in the indictment as the other charges are.

#### MR. DUFFY

is the proprietor and *redacteur en chef* of the *Nation*, a newspaper now celebrated in these countries for "things unattempted yet in prose and verse." The Crown battery, however, seems as yet to have fired round shot to very little purpose at his leading articles, nor has the keen edge of the Attorney-General's law succeeded in clipping the wild wing of his poetic fancy. The last number of his hebdomadal is not a whit less undiluted than its predecessors. Whether this be matter of business or inclination, is not for me to conjecture; but one thing is certain, that in Ireland, whether on whiskey or politics, the stronger the article the better will it go down, and the better will it sell. Mr. Duffy, I understand, pulled stroke oar in Mr. Barrett's *Pilot* boat a few years back, and afterwards embarked, on his own venture, the *Belfast Vindicator*, in guiding which he displayed a good deal of newspaper talent, and succeeded to that which, in Ireland, is considered a proof of editorial virtue, a Crown prosecution. This latter occurred not long ago, and was instituted against him for an article on the case of Hughes, which then stood over on account of the disagreement of two different juries, and the accused was afterwards convicted. The *Vindicator* attacked the last jury as an unfair one, on the ground of being exclusively Protestant. Mr. O'Hagan, one of the junior counsel of the present traversers, defended Mr. Duffy on the occasion, and made a very clever and remarkable speech. The latter, notwithstanding, was convicted, and stood out for judgment till the following term. Having thought proper, before the period of being brought up arrived, to apologise to the Government, sentence was not passed, and the affair was allowed to drop by the law officers of the Crown. Mr. Duffy is a young man, being not more than about thirty years of age, with a remarkable, although, perhaps, not very pleasing, cast of countenance, carelessly thatched over more *en philosophe* than *à la jeune Irlande*, with long lank brown hair. Whatever may be said of the politics of the *Nation*, one party in Ireland looking upon them with horror, and the other swallowing them in ecstasies of delight, there is no denying its general talent, as well as its extensive circulation and influence amongst the Irish millions. It is in shape, and general typical arrangement, a *fac simile* of the old Dublin *Comet*, a paper of great Radical popularity in its day, which was caught in its perihelion by Lord Grey's Irish Attorney-General, and extinguished—body and bones, fire and smoke, tail, nebula and all—beneath the hail-storm of Government prosecutions. The *Comet*, in its best day, circulated between four and five thousand a post; the *Nation* averages between eight and ten.

#### DOCTOR GRAY

is one of the three Protestants now under prosecution, the other two being Messrs. Steele and Barrett. He is about twenty-eight years of age, and was born in the village of Claremorris, in the county of Mayo. He has taken a very active part in the Repeal agitation, and is one of those instances so common in Ireland of the members of the same family taking different sides in the political struggles of the day. His father is an admirer of Sir Robert Peel's policy, and a Unionist, whilst the Doctor and his brothers are Repealers and Democrats. His grandfather was one of the Volunteers of 1782, and he himself is married to the daughter of a United Irishman. The Doctor was educated originally for the ministry, but he changed his mind and studied surgery in the Dublin College. He subsequently graduated in medicine at the University of Glasgow in 1839, two years after which, we find him, according to Pettigrew and Oulton's Dublin Almanack, appointed Resident Physician to the Victoria Lying-in Hospital, and taking rank with such other medical officers of that establishment as Marsh, Collis, Cusack, and Corigan. During his pupillage Dr. Gray contributed to the "Citizen Magazine," a sort of Dublin Tait, as far as its price and politics were concerned; but in no other respect to be compared to the northern periodical. Like all other Irish monthlies, except the "Dublin University," it failed from the circumstances of small capital and small contributors. In the year 1841, he vested capital in the *Freeman's Journal*, the daily organ of the Repealers, purchasing it jointly with another gentleman named Atkinson. He contributes a good deal to its leading columns. On becoming connected with this political journal he resigned his hospital appointment, and, abandoning the medical profession, he gave himself up to the Repeal movement, and interested himself in the practical workings of the Association. During the same year Dr. Gray was chosen by the popular party as one of their representatives at the North Dublin Board of Guardians, where we find him leading an opposition to the Poor Law Commissioners in a case which excited much public attention at the time. The contending parties did battle uninterruptedly for about four months, and the reason I deem such a matter worthy of notice is because it turned out that the Commissioners gave in, and submitted to the terms of their opponents. The case of dispute was the dismissal from office of a woman named Martha Mc Keon, who became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and the object of the popular party was to have her restored. This the Commissioners for the above-mentioned time refused to accede to, till the



re founder, Tydee, Monmouthshire.





SCENE FROM THE "BOHEMIANS."—MRS. YATES AND O. SMITH.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

The scene which is chosen in our illustration has been rarely excelled on the stage, either in the dramatic interest which it internally possesses, or the pathos and power which have been infused into it by the consummate skill of Mrs. Yates and Mr. O. Smith, in their personations of *Louise* and *Creve-Cœur*, the broken-hearted *abandonné*. The transition from the intent of murder to the kinder emotions of parental fondness, on discovering his child in the person of his devoted victim, was portrayed with all the fearful truth of a Kean by the latter;—while the sense of danger, gradually subsiding into the consciousness of security and affection, on discovering a long-lost parent, was as truly depicted by Mrs. Yates (whom we may call the queen of domestic tragedy) in her own peculiar felicity.

Of voice—face—gesture, and those nameless things  
Which make humanity so eloquent.

This quotation of ours puts us in mind of another, which we will give the reader: it is from the mad poet Lee—we cite from memory:

—"There is a mournful eloquence in thy dumb grief, which doth outshame all clamorous sorrow!" This *mutum poena*—this silent history of the heart—is beautifully exemplified in the scene illustrated by our artist.

## HAYMARKET.

The lessee of this house is certainly the only one who dares, upon his own shoulders, to support the world of the legitimate drama—an Atlantean task truly, but one that ought to make every body who has any "strength of taste" to lend a hand. The real English comedy is only to be found at the Haymarket; no other house is national, for no other house has a nationally-disposed manager at the head of it. When within its merry precincts, it costs not much imagination to think that Murphy, Sheridan, Colman, Reynolds, Morton, and other worthies are still alive, for their undying wit may be heard there nightly in all its "immortal amaranth!" Knowles and Bulwer too have added some stars to the constellation of that native genius which

is so often nebulated by the fog of French importation. In a word, we cannot say that *the drama, par excellence* English drama, is on the decline, as long as "its mirror is held up" in this establishment, where a just reverence for departed genius does not preclude a due appreciation of modern pretence, and the works of the by-gone masters are produced more as models than as things.

To scare away and fright the timid bird.

A new farce has been lately produced, called "Laying a Ghost;" it was decidedly successful, although it is not altogether the most spirited production in the world. Who is to gain the prize offered by the manager for the best comedy? It is impossible to guess. Hundreds that had never dreamt of writing before, as well as many already practised hands, are busy preparing for the literary race, which after all will no doubt be won by some hitherto "mute, inglorious" distant relation of Apollo; but this we are sure of, that in the hands of Webster the rivals will have fair play.

## PRINCESS'S.

On Monday last, a new *farce*, entitled "Out for a Lark," was produced at this house with complete success. The plot of it is easily told, being anything but intricate or bordering upon the involvements of Spanish construction; neither is it very original. The incident (for there is only one) consists of two domestics of a *Viscount Dashaway*, taking advantage of the Continental absence of his son and daughter, and going out to have "a lark" for a day, personating, or rather assuming, the characters of the said offspring. As luck would have it, they meet an old admiral (*Masthead*), their *would-be* uncle, at the inn where they "put up," and succeeded, despite their vulgarity, to make him believe they are his veritable relations. This imposition lasts until the true Simon Pures arrive; when, after a few explanatory squabbles, their "real state is made t'appear," and the parodies of "My Lord Duke and Mrs. Kitty" are sobered down to their respective stations of valet and housemaid to the establishment of which they had previously professed themselves to be.

The male and female representatives.

The construction of this trifle is not over ingenious; the dialogue makes no pretension to wit or even humour, and there is none of the "ars celandi finem," which conduces so much to interest us in a fiction of any kind. Notwithstanding all this, owing to the excellent acting of Mrs. Grattan, Mr. Walter Lacey, and Mr. Barnett, it went "trippingly off." The latter gentleman—who, when he is at home in a part, is one of the best actors in the world—was condemned to disguise his ability in a most unworthy depiction (on the author's part) of an Irishman—a kind of hybrid-mongrel thing between head waiter and boots, who seemed to be more master of "The White Hart Inn on the Dover Road" than the master himself. A stage Irishman is expected at least to be droll; but Barney O'Byrne is a fellow "of infinite" nothing.

We cannot say farewell, even for a week, to this *bijou* of a theatre, without noticing the orchestra. Although its members be not so numerous as we could wish, yet every component individual is a "good man and true," and ready and willing "to follow the leader," John Loder, who, perhaps, has led more trumps (being more able to lead them) than any *chef d'orchestre* of his time. The precision and light and shade of his band are in the highest degree worthy of the taste and judgment of their conductor.

## DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The celebrated Bouffé, the French comedian, has relinquished his engagement at the Gymnase, and devoted himself to the interest of the "Varieties," by which proceeding he will be once more enabled to appear in those parts, wherein he shows that "none but himself can be his parallel!"

BALE.—The new opera by this popular composer, now in preparation at Drury Lane, is to be called "The Bohemian Girl," instead of the "Gipsy."

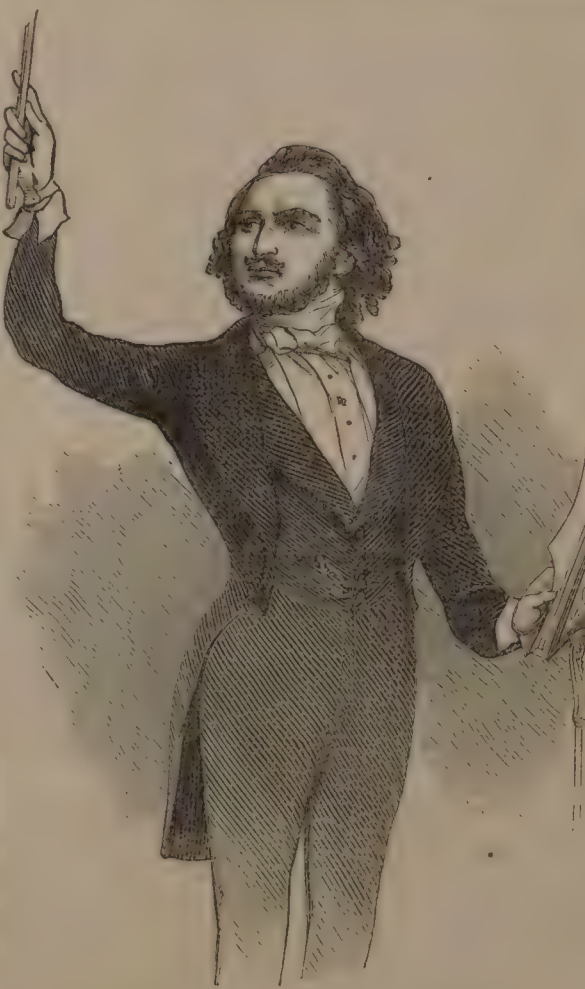
## ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

The great Jullien has commenced his winter campaign at this house, having collected together an orchestra certainly one of the very best that can be heard. Among the names of the most distinguished are those of Barrett, Baumann, Harper, Platt, Richardson, Hill, Lazarus, Patey, Howell, and Jarrett. Herr Koenig, too, without whom Jullien's concert would seem impossible, is engaged, and, as usual, invariably carries off an *encore*. The great card of the season is M. Jullien's English quadrilles, a companion to the Irish and Scotch quadrilles, which have had such a vogue; and, if we may judge by their reception, this last will prove no less popular than the former. It introduces a number of the most popular melodies, with capital effect. Some of the latter portions, in which an immense number of fifes and drums are introduced, were very striking, and elicited an instantaneous *encore*. The present is a fitting opportunity for introducing to our readers portrait-sketches of three of the most eminent *artistes* at these delightful concerts.

## LAZARUS.

FIRST CLARINET AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS, &c.

Some five-and-thirty or forty years ago the clarinet was not known in this country as an instrument capable of "discouraging" such "eloquent music" as it is now universally acknowledged to be. The oboe (or haut-boys) held its place, and was in such high favour that no overture to an opera was deemed perfect which had not some portion (and that not the least) assigned to its performance. Things worthy in themselves are often indebted to accident for their advancement; and so it happened to the clarinet. When Parke, the celebrated oboist, was in his zenith, he happened to insult a certain well-known composer, who was then engaged in the composition of an opera for one of the principal winter houses. The revenge which the son of



JULLIEN.

Apollo took upon his victim was almost as severe as that which the god himself bestowed upon his presumptuous rival, Marsyas; for, although he did not flay him alive, he rendered him dumb in that orchestra where he used to be so eloquent before, substituting the clarinet (in the skilful hands of Hopkins) for the previously monopolizing and deemed indispensable hautboy. From that time it has rapidly gained favour, through the delightful instrumentation of Mahon, Cramer, and Willman. These great performers are now no more; but their loss is amply compensated in the living subject of the present notice, who includes in his individualism all the various perfections of his predecessors. Purity of tone, elegance, and a "happy fitness for all styles," have elevated our countryman Lazarus to the position of not only principal clarinet at her Majesty's Theatre, but also to that rank in every orchestra throughout the kingdom where first-rate talent is employed. He need not fear any foreign competition. Any one who has heard him perform the voice part of Haydn's divine air, "With verdure clad," cannot much deplore the absence of the words: he is vocal without their aid, and "delightful to the ravish'd sense!" The school he has been reared in has been most prolific of genius, and reflects the highest credit upon its head and instructor, Godfrey, the master of the Coldstream band. Under him have graduated the following professors, who can take their stand by the side of any others in their respective departments—the two Keatings (oboe and bassoon), Dean (clarinet), Jarratt (one of the finest horn



LAZARUS.

players in Europe), Handley (trombone), and a host of others that may "Fearlessly challenge, and dread no defeat."

## JULLIEN.

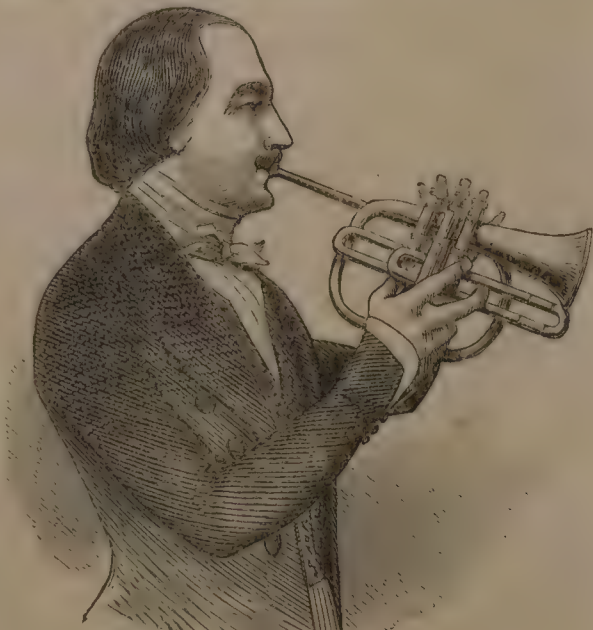
M. Jullien, or, as he aristocratically subscribes himself, "Jullien," is a personage of most talent. Infinite industry, and perseverance, combined with a certain degree of confidence that generally creates confidence in others, and who holds in abhorrence that humble aphorism of Doctor Pangloss, which says, "On their own merits modest men are dumb." Jullien, on the contrary, is not a silent man—his *coup d'archet* is a proclamation—his most *piccolo flauto* is a whirlwind—and his very look indicates the presence of "somebody determined to do something," and make a noise in the world. Well, he does, and most effectively does, something. He lethargizes his auditory (?) to the most magnificent compositions of Beethoven, Weber, &c., but has the magician's power of awaking them to the highest and most attentive "qui vive," on striking up an English quadrille! This is mesmerism at command. But, *badinage* apart, Jullien is a man of considerable ability, and highly deserves the patronage bestowed upon him. It is not his fault that the people will not relish the delicious fare he provides for them in the principle dishes he serves up; and, if it be their *penchant* to "feed more scurvily," we can only exclaim with Timon—"Uncover, dogs! and lap."

## KÖNIG.

The cornet à piston is one of those modern musical inventions of such beauty and excellence as would make Mozart (if he could resume his "mortal coil" again) "list and be enchanted." We think that the fervid imagination displayed by the author of "Il flauto magico" would have been quite wrapped in "empyrean ecstasies" if he heard Herr Koenig "dulcet forth" that exquisite *morceau* of poor Bellini, "A te o cara." Rubini was never more capable, even with the assistance of words, to produce a more beautiful effect. It enrapt us in the highest enjoyment of the seraphic art, and induced us to exclaim with "the Poet of all nations, and idol of his own":—

"Music! Oh! how faint—how weak—  
Language fades before thy spell—  
Why did Feeling ever speak,  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

The cornet à piston is an instrument capable of the most touching expression, particularly in the hands of Herr Koenig, who is an *artiste* that imparts the "music of his soul" to it, and captivates his listeners by his own devotion. We sincerely hope that his benefit on Tuesday night was not "a farewell one;" but that we shall have future and frequent opportunities of being delighted by his matchless performance.



KÖNIG.





THE FAREWELL.—CARLOTTA GRISI AND PETIPA, IN THE "PERI."

DRURY-LANE.

Carlotta Grisi took her farewell of an English audience on Saturday night in the popular ballet of "The Peri," when a brilliant company were present to bid adieu to their favourite dancer. On the entrance of Mdle. Grisi, there was one unanimous burst of applause, and each movement of her graceful figure was the signal for renewed approbation. When the famous leap was given, cries of *encore* echoed from every part of the house, and once again the favourite, with a spirit undaunted, leaped into the arms of the lover of the ballet. The applause continued undiminished until the fall of the curtain—then the enthusiasm became a *furor*, and the name of "Grisi" was uttered by a thousand voices. She soon appeared, led on by Petipa, and, in looks more expressive than words, spoke

## DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION AT PIMLICO.

On Monday morning, at half-past three o'clock, a very extensive conflagration, consuming, before it was extinguished, an immense mass of most valuable property, broke out on the spacious premises, formerly Bramah's, but now belonging to Mr. Robinson, engineer, and situate partly in Eaton-lane, and the Pimlico-road.

The fire was first discovered, at the hour just mentioned, by police constable 155 B. He endeavoured to spread an alarm, but before any assistance arrived flames burst forth, penetrating the roof of the building.

In very little more than a quarter of an hour seven of the brigade engines, one of the County, and one of the West of England fire-offices, together with the parish engine, and one from Messrs. Elliot's brewery, had arrived; but unfortunately there was a lack of water for some time.

By this time the flames had reached the engineering department—an extensive building, in length about 100 feet, and in depth nearly 40, and which was the general depot of the most valuable contrivances and apparatus. The flames spread thence to the pattern and model workshops, the receptacle for inventions that can with difficulty be restored, and in less than a quarter of an hour this valuable building appeared a dense and vivid body of fire.

At a quarter to five o'clock, the fire mains supplying water abundantly, all the engines could be worked with full power. This was fortunate, for at this period the fire was attacking the roof of the foundry. The vigour, however, with which the engines were worked stopped its progress in this quarter. It was here discovered that the fire was progressing in the direction of Belgrave-street South, and that it had already reached the roof of the School of Industry, of St. George's parish, in the street just named. The flames, happily, were arrested before they had made any further advance in this direction. The engines continued to be worked incessantly until about half-past six o'clock, when the flames receded.

The number of workmen lately employed on Mr. Robinson's premises amounted to about 120. Several of them, especially the carpenters, have lost their tools. On Saturday evening they were at work in the factory up to eight o'clock, casting a heavy shaft. They left off work then, and when they quitted the factory everything appeared safe. On examining the premises, after the fire had been extinguished, it was discovered that they had

her thanks for the kindness which she has received and merited. Wreaths and bouquets were plentifully showered on the dancer, and our artist has attempted a representation of the enthusiastic scene.

After the performances, Mr. Bunn gave an elegant supper in the grand saloon of the theatre to about seventy of his friends and patrons. The entertainment was intended as a complimentary leave-taking to Carlotta Grisi, on her quitting London to fulfil her engagements in Paris. After proposing the health of Carlotta Grisi, Mr. Bunn presented that lady with a superb bracelet of black enamel, richly ornamented with diamonds, as a slight *souvenir* of her highly successful career at Drury-lane Theatre. Attached to the bracelet was the following inscription:—"Presenté à Mdle. Carlotta Grisi, la danseuse la plus poétique de l'univers, avec les hommages respectueux de son directeur A. Bunn, Théâtre Royal, Drury-lane. 18th November, 1843."

A new ballet was produced at this house on Monday last entitled "The Devil in Love," an English translation (if pantomime be translatable) from *Le Diable Amoureux*, which has so captivated the Parisians. "The Devil in Love" is an odd title, and the piece or ballet which bears this name is something more odd still; for instead, as we are led to expect, of his Satanic majesty being smitten with the tender passion, it appears that it is one of his "missionaries"—"a sheathing of most delicate sensibility," who becomes the *amoureuse*, and, *à force* of her passion and devotedness to her intended victim, saves him from the machinations of her employer, and herself ultimately by an act of involuntary virtue. This ballet, which was produced most magnificently, "restored to our longings" the best pantomimist in the world, Mdle. Pauline Leroux, and introduced a new dancer, M. Carey, who is about the most gracefully-active *danseur* that ever "tripp'd the scene!" This theatre continues to be fully and fashionably attended.

It is said in the City that Lord Aberdeen has declined to enter into any negotiation with the Mexican Minister, Mr. Murphy, on the subject of the affront lately offered to the British flag, and that he intends sending out a new minister to Mexico, in a frigate, which will call at Jamaica, whence the minister will take a squadron down with him to the Mexican coast, and require an apology for the affront before landing.

The ship-building trade in Sunderland, which in common with the other interests of that port has been so long depressed, is beginning to show signs of revival, several orders having recently been received for ships to be built for the Indian trade.

We have much pleasure in announcing, that Lieutenant Edward Walter Agar and Miss Dalzell (passengers), with the remainder of the crew of the ill-fated *Memnon*, arrived safely at Aden on the 9th of September.

Lord Alfred Paget, who arrived in town on Monday night from his regiment in Wilts, to obtain his leave of absence of a month from the Horse Guards, was suddenly ordered to rejoin his regiment by the military authorities, purposely to accompany his troop from Trowbridge to Salisbury, as riots were feared from the excitement which prevailed in that city.

A correspondent of the *Galignani*, alluding to an account of injuries recently done to some of the marble statues in the royal gardens of Versailles, informs us that similar conduct has been practised in the gardens of the Tuileries, and suggests to the police that a large reward should be offered.

Viscount Kenmore, whose family honours were restored in 1824, his ancestors having been attainted and executed for having been taken in arms against George I., was married at Portsmouth last week, at St. Thomas's Church, to a lady named Wolley.

The report of Mr. Gladstone being about to offer himself to fill a vacancy in the representation of the University of Oxford is utterly destitute of truth. There is no prospect of Mr. Estcourt resigning.

been broken into, and some panes of glass were found stained with blood, near the counting-house, through which, it was reported, a forcible entry had been made. This circumstance, coupled with another, about to be mentioned, tends to establish an impression that the fire was the act of an incendiary.

Superintendent Braidwood reports the entire destruction of the engineering and pattern shops, with their valuable contents. No. 1, Belgrave-street South, the School of Industry of St. George's parish, has the roof of its workshops burned, and has its back part extensively injured by fire. Nos. 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 11, in Upper Ranelagh-street, have their back premises more or less injured. The house No. 1, Eaton-lane, is also much damaged at the back. Mr. Robinson is insured in the Sun, Phoenix, Imperial, and Royal Exchange fire-offices.

IMPROVEMENTS IN TRAVELLING.—A Brussels paper states, from good authority, that an English company will establish a daily communication between Folkestone and Ostend by steam-boats which draw so little water that they can enter both ports at low water; so that travellers leaving London in the morning by the railway to Folkestone will arrive at Ostend towards evening. Another English company will open a communication three times a week between Blackwall and Ostend. The steamers will perform the passage in nine or ten hours, and always arrive at Ostend so as to be able to enter the port. They will also leave Ostend in the morning, if the tide suits. Thus travellers, who arrive in the evening by the railway from Cologne, may reach London in the afternoon of the following day.

A correspondent states that her Majesty's Government has determined upon placing the statue of his Majesty George IV., by Chantrey, upon the eastern pedestal of Trafalgar-square, facing St. Martin's Church, whilst the statue of King George III., by Wyatt, in Cockspur-street, is to be removed from its present position, and placed upon the western pedestal, opposite the College of Physicians; and the steps, the lions, and the reliefs for the Nelson-column will be proceeded with immediately. Another decision has been come to, viz., the removal of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, from its present locality to a more eligible site. The funds and the site have been both provided, and the work will be commenced during the present year.

## EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIANISM.

A walking match against time, similar to the celebrated feat of 1000 miles in 1000 successive hours, has just terminated at Leeds. A young man named James Searles, a native of Leeds (of whom we annex a portrait sketch), commenced the arduous task on Monday, the 2nd of October, on a piece of the public highway, in the neighbourhood of Holbeck, which is in the borough of Leeds. He always walked two miles in immediate succession, one at the termination, and the other at the beginning, of every hour, and continued to walk in that way until five o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 13th instant, having occupied nearly six weeks in the performance, during the whole of which period, by the terms of the feat, he was never allowed to sleep for more than an hour and a half at a time. The actual distance between the Shakespeare Inn, Meadow-lane, and the Peacock



JAMES SEARLES, THE PEDESTRIAN.

Inn, Huddersfield-road, which formed the termini betwixt which Searles performed his feat, is sixty-three yards over and above a mile, so that the pedestrian, taking into account the additional number of hours he continued to walk, has, in fact, traversed 1052 miles, 1400 yards, in 1017 hours, a feat unparalleled in the annals of pedestrianism. He felt the effects of his extraordinary task most in the first two weeks, when, from his harassed appearance, many persons felt perfectly confident that he would break down, but he afterwards rallied, and, at the conclusion, was generally thought to be better in health even than when he began. He is a man of low stature, and rather delicate appearance, but, we understand, has been inured to hardship and fatigue during the whole course of his life. He was "chaired" on Tuesday, in an open coach, in which, along with five or six other persons, who constituted "the committee of management," he was drawn through the principal streets of the town, accompanied by a band of music, and a large concourse of people. Several bets, but not to any heavy amount, depended on the issue of the undertaking. Some presents have been made to the pedestrian, which, together with his gratuitous living during the performance of the feat, constituted his only remuneration.—*Leeds Times*.

An ingenious invention has just been exhibited, and its powers tried, on the Brighton and Croydon Railway. It is called a pedomotive machine. It weighs 270lb., and is manufactured almost entirely of wrought iron. It carries four or six persons, two of whom propel it by means of treadles, applied on a new and advantageous principle. Its greatest speed for a short distance is at the rate of 25 miles an hour; its average rate is 15 miles an hour, carrying in both cases four passengers. Its utility on a line of railway requires no comment.

There are upwards of 12,000 seamen generally out of employ in the metropolis, residing in districts between London-bridge and Vauxhall. Many of them, however, find employment in or about the docks, or other casual employment, during the winter season. On Tuesday morning there were, on the lowest estimate, 500 seamen promenading the limited districts of St. Katherine's and the London Docks in search of employment.

## NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

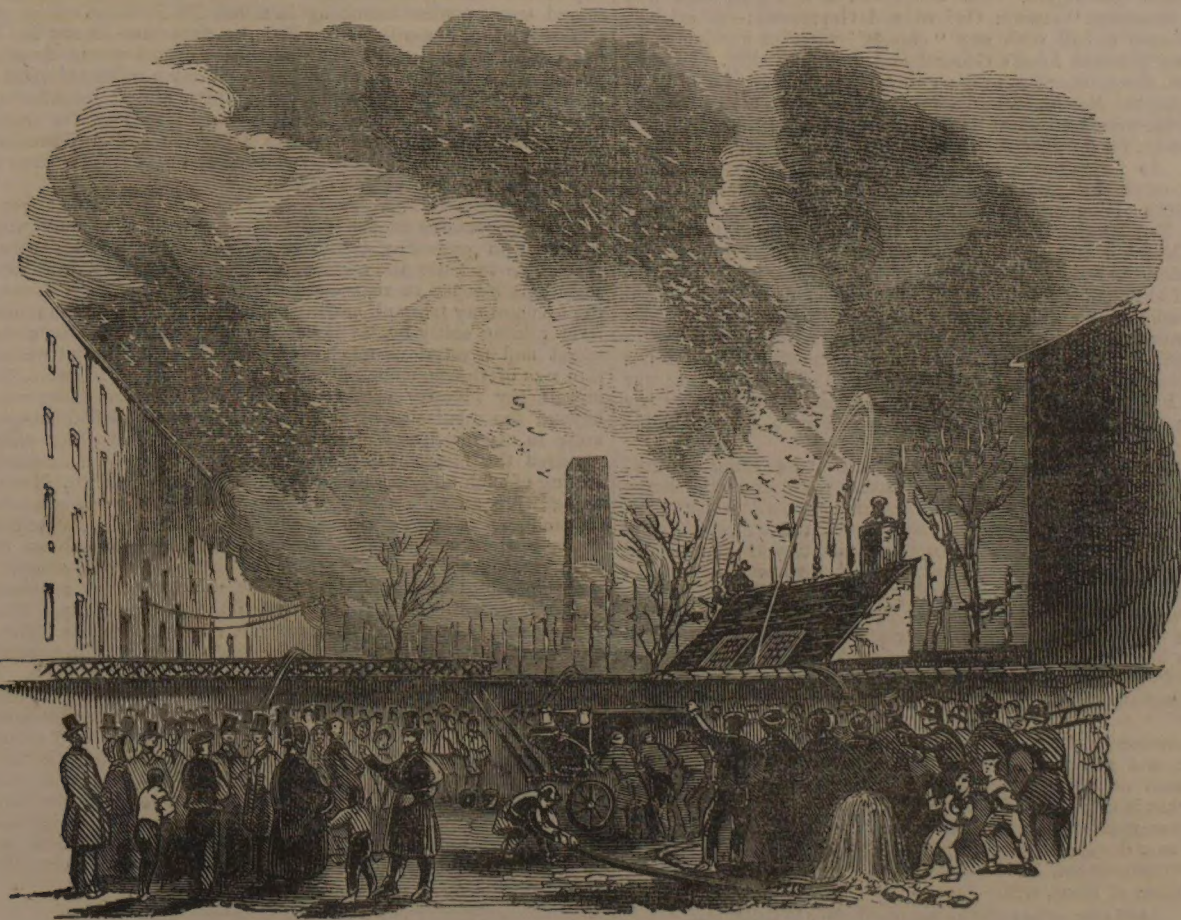
## BURNHAM THORPE PARSONAGE, THE BIRTHPLACE OF NELSON.

The village of Burnham Thorpe, in the northern division of the county of Norfolk, will long be cherished in remembrance as the birthplace of the illustrious Nelson, whose father was vicar of the parish. In Nelson's Memoirs of his Services, which he obligingly wrote for Mr. Arthur's life of the great hero, we find the following details of his birth and boyhood:—



BIRTHPLACE OF NELSON—BURNHAM THORPE.

"Horatio Nelson, son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, Rector of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and Catherine his wife, daughter of Doctor Suckling, Prebendary of Westminster, whose grandmother was sister to Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. I was born Sept. 29th, 1758, in the Parsonage-house; was sent to the High-school at Norwich, and afterwards removed to Northway, from whence, on the disturbance with Spain relative to Falkland Islands, I went to sea with my uncle Capt. Maurice Suckling, in the *Raisonné*, of 64 guns; but the business with Spain being accommodated, I was sent in a West India ship belonging to the house of Hibbert Purrier Horton, with Mr. John Rathbone, who had formerly been in the navy, in the *Dreadnought*, with Captain Suckling. From this voyage I returned to the *Triumph*, at Chatham, in July, 1772; and if I did not improve in my education, I returned a practical seaman, with a horror of the Royal Navy, and with a saying, then constant with the seaman—'aft the most honour, forward the better man.' It was many weeks before I got in the least reconciled to a man-of-war, so deep was the prejudice rooted; and what pains were taken to instil this erroneous principle in the young mind."



FIRE AT "BRAMAH'S" FACTORY, PIMLICO.



## SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

**NORTH YARMOUTH, Nov. 16.**—The foul-weather flag, established to point out to the commanders of cruisers, and masters of merchant vessels, anchoring in this roadstead, that it would be dangerous and unsafe for ships' boats to land, will in future be hoisted on a staff erected at the end of the jetty here, and not at the Coast Guard flag-staff, as heretofore.

**GENAT YARMOUTH, Nov. 20.**—The Oak, from Spalding to London, wheat laden, in leaving the harbour this morning, drove on the North Beach, and is full of water; crew saved.

**RAMSGATE, Nov. 21.**—Arrived: The Copper, Amsterdam, for New Orleans, with loss of anchors, and windlass broken. Earl Grey, from Shields, for Harve, Lecky.

**MILFORD, Nov. 20.**—Arrived: The Isabella, from Liverpool, for Bristol. Three Sisters, from Liverpool, for Kinsale, with loss of anchors, cables, rudder unshipped, &c., having been in contact with a vessel.

## BIRTHS.

At Stafford House, the Duchess of Sutherland of a son.—At Kingston Lisle, Berks, the lady of H. Horne Ainslie, Esq., of a daughter.—At Sittingbourne, near Wansford, Mrs. Henry Leeds, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At Gretna, and at the parish church, Freestbury, in the county of Chester, John, son of the late Rev. John Lawton, and nephew of C. B. Lawton, Esq., of Lawton Hall, to Emily Anne, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Leigh, Esq., of Addington Hall.—At Hanover-square, Captain Colin Mackenzie, Madras Army, to Helen, daughter of Admiral John E. Douglas, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square.—At Oradourooch, Dumfriesshire, John George Jarvis, Esq., Captain 52nd Light Infantry, to Philadelphia, youngest daughter of the late George H. Jenkins, Esq.

## DEATHS.

At Teignmouth, Thomas Mitchell, Esq., of Croft, West Cornwall, the father of Lady Tomline, and uncle of Lady Wood.—At Seaforth-terrace, Maida Hill, Mr. Robert Bramcombe, late of Old Fish-street, City.—At his residence, Carlton Villas, Maida Vale, J. B. Robinson, Esq.—At Mornington-place, Camberwell New-road, Susanah, the wife of Cornelius Carter, Esq.—At Brompton, Middlesex, John Alexander, Esq.—In Newman-street, Thomas Cafe, Esq.—In the Albion-road, Stoke Newington, James Wilson, Esq.—At Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire, Tycho, eldest son of Tycho Wing, Esq.—At Bersted Lodge, the residence of his sister Mrs. Smith, Arabella Blackworth, Countess of Mayo.—At Hammer-smith, Lieut. Colonel William Ingleby, late of the 53rd Foot.—At the residence of her father, Sir Robert Sale, Kowasalee, Julia, wife of Lieut. Jas. G. Holmes, 3rd Native Cavalry.

## THE LAST GLASS; OR, THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF A SOBER IRISHMAN.

BY PIERS SHAFTON, GENT.

[From the ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.]

Omnia mutantur; nihil interit. Errat, et illic  
Huc venit, hinc illic, et quoslibet occupat artus  
Spiritus; æque feris humana in corpora trauit,  
Inque feras noster; nec tempore deperit ullo.  
Utque novis fragilis signatur cera figuris,  
Nec manet ut fuerat, nec formam servat easdem;  
Sed tanquam ipsa eadem est: animam sic semper eandem  
Esse, sed in varias doceo migrare figuras.

OVID METAM. LIB. XV.

"WAITER! another glass! that will be my sixteenth!"

All who admire a terse and yet expressive style, must necessarily be delighted with this brief but pithy address of mine to Jacob, who officiates as waiter at that delectable retreat for gentlemen about town, "the Cat and Pepper-box" in Covent Garden. I have stated the exact number of the tumbler I called for, and for a reason which I don't apprehend will be considered in the language of the parliamentary committees either "frivolous or vexatious." Many of the highly privileged few who have listened to the marvellous relation that I am about to state, have had the bad taste to insinuate, that at the period to which it refers I must have been under the influence of the juice of the grape; or, probably, of some even still more potent beverage,—in plain language, for I scorn to compromise with my detractors, that I must have been drunk! I indignantly spurn the base suggestion, and call the past—my exemplary character for abstemiousness; the present—my well known habits of temperance and frugality (of which, by the way, I can get the certificate of Father O'Leary, the parish priest,—if my own testimony on that point needs corroboration), and the future—the admiring posterity to which these ingenious records will descend, affording me, as my particular friend, the Editor of the ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE, assures me they must do, a snug inheritance of immortal fame!—Yes! I call the past, the present, the future, as witnesses to character! I ask them—I proudly ask them—does not every action of my life contradict the possibility of my being, at the time referred to, under vinous or spirituous excitement? On second thoughts, I will not call them—such testimony is unnecessary—figures, at least a figure will refute the ungenerous, the foundationless insinuation,—the sixteenth is a golden number; it is the number that acquits me. My temperance walks out of court "without a stain on her character," as the magistrate at Bow-street feelingly and beautifully observed on discharging Ikey Solomons from insufficiency of evidence. To be drunk, assumes, *a priori*, the fact of having drunk; and, *a fortiori*, the circumstance of having drunk too much:—if that is not logic, I don't know what is. Admitting these premises, how could I be drunk, when I had only taken sixteen—mark, but sixteen tumblers of whiskey toddy!!!

The circumstance may not appear quite so logical, and yet to myself it assumes an air of more than mathematical certainty,—that had the number I called for been less in the numerical scale, I really might have hesitated before I had decided whether I was intoxicated or not. Indeed, if I had given as the number of glasses I had taken, five, six, seven, or eight, I should, beyond all doubt, have conceded that I might have been the worse for what I had imbibed,—nay, farther, that I must have been drunk, and no mistake about it. This apparent inconsistency only proves how fallacious are all known means of judging of others; and yet, on such evidence as this, how few of us would scruple, in pronouncing the guilt of their fellow-creatures? Many short-sighted individuals who hear me acknowledge that after I have taken eight tumblers, and have become drunk, would jump to the immediate, and yet, notwithstanding, erroneous conclusion, that I must be doubly drunk after taking sixteen! Poor, infatuated, mistaken, see-no-further-than-your-nose Daniels! who thus erect yourselves as censors over the morals of your fellow-men, behold "how plain a tale" will prove that your arguments have not literally nor metaphorically a leg to stand upon!

My "way of life" is simply this:—up to the twentieth glass I can count with an exactitude worthy of the calculating boy, or a Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the budget shows an improvement on the preceding quarter. After that number, by some remarkable idiosyncrasy—I am reluctant to say obfuscation of intellect—I can get no further in the counting line, although my capacity for swallowing remains uninjured. After passing that Rubicon, my faculty for numeration seems suspended—my organ of number is numbed. Generally, the first indication is shown by oblivion of the preceding correct number, and I then invariably begin to count backwards! For instance, when my tumblers have arrived at their majority, my twenty-first becomes my eighteenth—my twenty-second, my seventeenth,—and thus I go on running down the scale, until I reach the eighth, seventh, sixth, or, on rare occasions, the fifth glass. Whenever I do return to either of those units, I am perfectly warranted in coming to the conclusion that I am really, truly, and unmistakably—drunk!

I have said sufficient, I trust, to produce conviction on the mind of the candid reader, that the tumbler I referred to was only my sixteenth. I am also particular to impress the fact both as to the quality and the quantity. I admit that the pewter gill which holds what is "technically at the bar" termed "a go," contained the average complement; and that I mixed the materials with all that hereditary skill and long experience for which I am so proverbially distinguished. It may be asked—for I have always noticed a most inexplicable desire in the human mind, when under the influence of some supernatural revelation, to attempt to account for it by natural means yet more incredible and improbable than an unearthly interposition itself—it may be asked, I repeat, whether I might not have been labouring under

some unaccustomed elevation, or some strong excitement on this remarkable evening, presuming the trifle I had drunk had not, as it could not have, taken any effect on me? My answer is, decidedly,—no. I happened on that particular night to be suffering under one of my low nervous tremors, and for which, by the advice of my medical attendant, I am obliged to avail myself of some gentle stimulant; and in obedience to such recommendation I usually select Irish whiskey of the genuine small-still manufactory. Besides, the evening had been a dull one; our worthy host, who had hitherto done something towards keeping us alive, about twelve o'clock issued forth a most terrific yawn, apologizing for it with "Beg pardon, gentlemen—but you know you kept me up until half-past five this morning!"—(Bad taste decidedly of Tapster's; for if he were kept up, were not we kept up with him?) The yawn had its usual contagious effect, and circulated with infinitely more briskness than the last preceding joke. We all yawned; some actually drained their tumblers and went to sleep; others mechanically went through the same ceremony, without taking anything by the motion, having previously drained off their contents; while the professional gentlemen, with their eyes hermetically sealed by the gluey fingers of Morpheus, warbled forth "Happy Land!" with a snoring accompaniment in most harmonious unison with their somniferous lullaby. The gas burnt dimly—the snores increased both in number and volume—the waiters nodded as they leant by the door—even the smoke from the cigars seemed too sleepy to dispel its own clouds, and hung in heavy wreaths around the sleepers' heads. Could I be excited, I then ask, under such overpowering influences?

My sixteenth tumbler was mixed; gently stirring it, I sipped it by way of approval. That sip was sufficient. The steam ascended to and penetrated my nostrils with a grateful and enlivening incense; the aroma of the delicious nectar mounted my brain, which seemed warmed or rather sunned by a gentle flame! I felt my pulse beat with a quicker movement, my blood tingled and danced with a more lively measure, and my senses were on a very short notice "lapped in Elysium." Certainly the cup that Circe presented to her votaries ought to have been, if it was not, of mountain dew. The witch of the Drachenfels (which, I believe, is a particularly high mountain somewhere near the Rhine) had in all probability a small contraband still, from which the glass was filled that she offered to the pleasure-seeking Faust; and Comus must have been in Ireland, for he never could have had the audacity to endeavour to intoxicate a young lady of genteel connexions with anything less seducing than genuine potheen with the true turf-flavour. Scarcely had I sipped the smoking beverage, before I felt regenerated. If at that moment I had been asked if I happened to know one Cornelius O'Callaghan (a name to which I had previously for two and forty years promptly responded), I should have stared in blank surprise; indeed I felt my old original existence walk clean out of its earthly tabernacle, and a new, bright, dazzling, and joyous one take its place. "Visions of the sweet south" swam before my eyes. I seemed to breathe once more the pure air of my own beloved Italy (how the deuce it became mine I never could make out).—I saw the clear, cloudless skies above me,—I felt their divinest influence stealing over me, penetrating and subduing me; then came the voluptuous melodies of my native clime, or rather of my new native clime,—I heard the peasants of the Campagna trolling their evening song,—ecstatic sounds fell on my ears, and I could hardly refrain from giving them utterance; who was I? what was I? why, what madness not to know myself—my identity immediately occurred,—I WAS RUBINI!

Directly the consciousness of my actual being returned to me; the scene appeared to change; the dingy, dark room, of thirty feet long by twenty broad, expanded itself into a magnificent theatre; the gloomy boxes into the crimson and gilded loges of the Italian Opera House; the sickly gas and its smoky burners, into the brilliant and burnished chandeliers; and the taglioned and mackintoshed occupiers, into the elegant and fascinating *habitués* that grace that most delightful and aristocratic atmosphere. I believed myself on the stage,—I heard Costa play the symphony, and all eyes seemed to be fixed in expectant delight on me. I advanced, seized the wondering Jacob by the hand, who at that moment appeared in white muslin, and dishevelled hair, like the impassioned Grisi, and proceeded to what I imagined were the foot lights, and commenced *vivo tu*.

Before I proceed farther, it is but candid of me to observe, that numerous and varied as my accomplishments are universally admitted to be,—and to enumerate them would, I fear, involve me in a charge of egotism,—singing is not one of them. Although passionately devoted to the arts, and the Muses' most faithful admirer, singing, by some extraordinary oversight, in my early education, was overlooked. At sparring, I may say that few who are not professional members of the ring can take the shine out of me. On the river, I will pull with any crack waterman between Oxford and Gravesend;—at cricket, I can stop a ball with any "eleven," whether gentlemen or players, between Lord's Ground and Lough Swilly. I know, besides, the points of a horse; and am, as times go, a neat hand at curing the distemper, and won't yield as a farrier to any man. I won the prize at the last Red-House match of pigeon-shooting; and swam for a wager with the picked men of a man-of-war's crew. As for minor accomplishments, such as oyster-eating, punch-mixing, the mathematics, trigonometry, and rat-killing, I say nothing;—mention them and O'Callaghan, and satisfy yourself! But singing I do confess I never took to naturally;—I have heard it indeed said, that all attempts of mine always reminded the hearers, in the high notes, of a saw under the process of sharpening; and in the lower ones, of an overcharged blunderbuss. Painful and humiliating as this confession of my deficiency must naturally be to a delicate mind, devoted to everything that is beautiful, yet I feel in making it I shall not suffer in the generous reader's appreciation of my candour; nor when I add, that all previous attempts of mine to "warble my native wood notes wild," had ever ended in a most palpable break-down.

But, on this memorable evening, what a change came over me! It has often been a matter of conjecture, whether opera-singers and actors really feel, themselves, the same exquisite sense of enjoyment which they are capable of communicating to their hearers. I can answer, unhesitatingly, in the affirmative; nothing could exceed the entrancing rapture which I experienced from hearing the two first lines of that my most delightful aria issuing from my own lips. My enjoyment was, however, somewhat marred, by the unpleasant voice of an individual, in what appeared to me to be one of the pit-stalls (they ought to be more particular whom they admit in such places), which exclaimed, "Sit down, O'Callaghan, and don't be making such a blessed fool of yourself!"

I, however, passed over the interruption with dignified contempt, and proceeded with my melody, which I have already intimated was Italian (but how I could have been acquainted with that language is and ever will be an undeveloped mystery; for never more than two words, and those the identical *vivo tu*, had I ever during my real matter-of-fact existence acquired), in its commencement, but which ended, by some extraordinary association of ideas, with—

And sure, ne'er a pitcher was found whole in Coleraine.

I had scarcely returned to the side scenes, where I waited,

naturally expecting to be recalled to the front again by an encore, when I heard a storm arise,—"Turn him out!"—"Kick him out of the room!"—"Pump upon him until he is sober!" and other similar inexplicable phrases. I immediately felt myself to be the object of another Tamburini row. I resolved, however, not to be overpowered by clamour. From the opposite wing I beheld the manager in a perfect fever of apprehension, making the most expressive grimaces, and violent pantomime, for me to be quiet. Little did he know that an Italian scene had warmed the blood that was then beginning to simmer within me! I determined to address the audience, and facing them (so as to turn my back to the omnibus box), I boldly advanced to the orchestra, and bowing reverently, and placing my hand on my heart, began my appeal, in very good English, although, I admit, with a slight Irish accent, but which the forbearance due to a foreigner must have pardoned.

"An alien, and a sojourner in your land, I throw myself on the indulgence of a British public, to which such an appeal was never made in vain!" (Cries of "Off, off," here interrupted me.) "To that public, which within these very walls I have so frequently thrown into ecstasies of delight"—(here a most unseemly roar of laughter rather checked my eloquent flow). "I will not, however, be put down by an interested minority, or by the cowardly combination of a petty faction." (Here I pointed to the omnibus box, from which I could see distinctly six heads belonging to as many middle-aged dandies, sibilating between their artificial teeth.) "I scorn ye—I despise ye all!" At this instant I heard distinctly, as if from Grisi, who appeared to be still at my elbow, waiting for her cue, "Drunk, per Dio!"

At this last insult, I felt the hottest sun that ever shone in Italy was nothing like the fire in my brain. "I am not drunk," I indignantly exclaimed; "I never was drunk: these base calumnies I can shake from me as the lion shakes the dew-drops from his mane." (Here, I commenced shaking the visionary Grisi by the collar, until the room resounded with her cries.) "I care not for your hisses, nor for your hootings; they have no more effect on me than the petty malice of a flea has upon the hide of a rhinoceros!" I must own I was agreeably surprised at the felicity, the vigour, and propriety of this beautiful simile—which, I need scarcely say, is perfectly original, and entirely of my own conception—when I was startled with a voice murmuring in a low emphatic tone, "BROUGHAM HIMSELF!"

What unearthly talisman at that moment actuated me, I dare not, cannot, divine. Until then, my belief that I was Rubini might, I am ready to admit, be a delusion; but I now felt perfectly persuaded of my real identity. I felt the workings of a powerful, unrestrainable mind; of an imagination forcible and lively; of a sarcasm, like hot-spiced gingerbread, biting and burning. A convulsive twitching seized my nose—a rapidity of utterance assisted the torrent of my ideas; and the scene, with a rapidity I never yet observed in the most successful pantomime, changed from the Opera House to the House of Lords. Our host himself was with equal celerity transformed to the Lord Chancellor (and very imposing he looked on the woolsack); while the gentlemen in white four-and-ninepenny gossamers made a most respectable bench of bishops. I commenced one of my characteristic orations—attacked both sides of the house, and was alternately cheered by each as I abused the other; everything and everybody seemed to writhe and fall beneath me—while my eloquence, like a cataract in hysterics, carried all before it; until at last murmurs of dissent arose. In vain the chancellor rose to order—the bench of bishops in a menacing attitude, each with his right reverend fist doubled, bade him defiance—the peers on the cross-benches met those on the treasury—opposition fell foul of both—a row ensued—and the house, amidst the smash of glasses, and the extinction of lights, was declared adjourned; and I only recollect feeling a very tight hand about the nape of my neck, and finding myself somewhat forcibly ejected from the senatorial chamber, and a few minutes afterwards strolling pensively down the Strand.

I felt at this moment as a disappointed and wounded patriot ought to feel. "Is it for scenes like this that the statesman foregoes the pleasures of rank,—the soothing charms of domestic life,—and immolates his glorious spirit on the sordid shrine of party? Was this the compensation for which a Fox wore out a life of expectancy?—that a Burke squandered the richness of his intellect, to purchase a minion's pension?—that a Sheridan died the death of a pauper?—that a Canning saw, after years of toil and energetic struggling, the crown snatched from him by the cold clutch of death, just as the glittering bauble was illuminating his prematurely-wrinkled brow?" How long this burst of eloquence would have continued, I know not, if another metamorphosis of a more tranquil character was not awaiting me; for at this moment my eye caught the church of Saint Mary-le-Strand, looking, while silvered by the waning moonbeams, and standing in clear and beautiful relief against the sky of the coming morning, as holy and as softly pure as its sacred sponsor when breathing in mimic life from the canvas of Carlo Dolce, or Sasso Ferrato. For the first time in my life I felt myself to be a poet! The anomisity of the recent debate passed away like a feverish dream from my bewildered mind; the glaring lights, the heated atmosphere, and the confusing noises of the senate-house, all disappeared; and as the fresh breeze of the morning met me as I paced towards Waterloo Bridge, I felt myself sliding by "short and easy stages" into a new and yet more beautiful existence.

I gained the bridge. As I looked upon the venerable abbey, scarcely discernible in the distance, grey with the sanctifying influence of preceding centuries—at the opposite Parliament House, so recently the scene of such angry clamour, but now seemingly steeped in repose—at the vast roof the Opera House, the arena of my triumph and my shame; and as I saw the noble river gliding softly by, as if bearing to the distant ocean some secret and mysterious message, who shall say that my inspiration was of the moment, and that I was not a poet born? To myself, my identity with some great and elevated being was beyond the admission of a doubt. Beautiful poetical images arose in my mind, unfelt and unknown before, but which only required the magic influence of such a scene, and the subdued feeling of such an hour, to start into breathing existence. Every thing wore an unaccustomed garb: the very shot manufactory on the opposite bank of the river, which I had so often regarded as an unsightly obelisk, now seemed like a ruined column of Palmyra, invested with a spell of the past. The stone effigy of the forest lord on the Lion Brewery was to me the national emblem, guarding in proud defiance the opposite city. The sky above me, the water around me, the waning stars above, and their still dimmer reflection below—each and all seemed clothed with attributes that they had never before possessed. I felt myself soaring from things earthly, and to assimilate myself with the heavens that were shining above me. Up to this hour I can confidently declare, that with the exception of a rebus (the copyright of which I presented to my tobaccoist at a time he was making some vague allusion to an old cigar account), I never wrote two lines of poetry in my life (I am not quite sure whether I ever read a couplet); but on this new light illuminating me, I felt I could have composed an Iliad off hand, or turned the racing calendar into an epic. As it was, I actually extemporised the following sonnet:—

Earth has not anything to show more fair:  
Dull would he be of soul, who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:



This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples, lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep,  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

I had scarcely uttered, or rather improvised the concluding line, before the consciousness of him whose words they were, came across me; they were undoubtedly mine, and fresh from the mint of my brain, with my own thoughts and style impressed on the face of them as intelligibly as the profile of our blessed sovereign is stamped on a fourpenny piece (and any one who takes the trouble of comparing my usual form of expression will easily recognise my claim); and yet it is equally true that they were Wordsworth's. Two affirmatives, scholiasts declare, make a negative; but on this occasion they acted with a more decent regard to the law of nature, and produced an offspring of their own breed—a plump affirmative. In a word, I was Wordsworth—and no mistake.

Once more I was wandering by my own beautiful Rydal water, with my beloved Grasmere in the distance: those lakes by whose margins I had spent my youth, my manhood, and now my declining age. The lofty Helvellyn was before me, whose mossy sides and rugged steeples I had so often clambered, and, with the assistance of my staff, clambered still. I yet imbibed the same sources of inspiration from the same hallowed fountains; and nature drank in with my eyes, and filtered through my brain, generated life—immortal life—which will live as long as song shall endure; and only die when the world itself becomes a sound, and a name.

It certainly was a very remarkable thing that I should discover myself to be Wordsworth, above all other people in the world, in so sudden and so unexpected a manner: he being a gentleman, who, much as I respect him, I am ready to admit has few tastes in common with myself—or rather I should have said, with my every-day self. Together we might be compared to whiskey-punch, a delightful and consistent beverage in itself, but formed of the most discordant and opposite materials. He, from his simple and transparent nature, was like the pure element itself, and from the love he bears his fellow-creature, the sugar also; while I was the ardent spirit—all fire and vigour, with, I must confess, the slightest possible squeeze of the lemon. (N.B. I never made a simile until my transformation into Mr. Wordsworth.)

It certainly is worth while to be a man of genius, if it is only for five minutes! I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, that this was the same Thames that I had so often passed over on previous occasions. It then only looked like a broad and rather dirty piece of water, with nothing to relieve its monotony but the quick succession of coal barges and diminutive steamers. Such was my impression on viewing it as Mr. O'Callaghan, but how widely different as Mr. Wordsworth! The soft air gently played on the surface of the water, and dallied amorously with the willing ripples; and the sinking moon, almost touching its own reflection, formed a line of burnished silver uniting the material element with the upper world. The spirits of gentleness and peace, like ministering angels, hung around, and cast their subduing spell over the regions. The very houses on each side of the river seemed wrapped in slumber, and their vulgar attributes lost in the deep repose in which they were buried; the wharves and manufactories, flung into masses of deep shadow, lent a pictorial relief to the silver brightness with which they were contrasted; and the twinkling lights of the far-off bridge, subdued by the distance, with the grey abbey dimly visible in the opposing lights of the departing night and the approaching morning, gave a picturesque finish to the enchanting picture. It certainly is worth while to be a poet, if it is only for five minutes!

And certainly I did right to enter fully into the spirit of the character, as long as it lasted; for the Muses and I were doomed to have but a short acquaintance. In the midst of my poetical abstraction, I was startled by a touch on the shoulder; and I must observe, that if there is one part of my person that I feel more nervous about being touched upon than another, it is on the shoulder,—and, I believe, this peculiarity of mine is not remarkable. It was, however, no bailiff, but a woman, and that a lovely woman, who adopted this primitive mode of salutation:—

Upon his hand she laid her own;  
Light was the touch, but it thrilled to the bone,  
And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fixed him beyond the power to start.  
Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,  
He could not loose him from its hold—  
But never did clasp of one so dear  
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,  
As those thin fingers long and white,  
Froze thro' his blood by her touch that night.

I beheld, indeed, a vision of all but supernatural beauty. Who would not feel a fluttering at his heart, in meeting at four o'clock in the morning, in so lonely a spot, a female form in white,—even I, Wordsworth himself, felt a palpitation beneath my upper ribs! I have said the figure was in white, but with a liberal and fanciful distribution of pink, inasmuch as she wore pink ribbons to her bonnet, a pink sash streaming from her waist, pink stockings, and very pink cheeks! Alone at that hour in the morning, the lovely apparition, but for the last demonstration of colour, would have looked like a denizen of the world of spirits. Although not at all ghostly, there was still something "singularly wild and beautiful" in her appearance. To add to the picturesque effect, she was singing a plaintive air which came on my baffled ear "like the sweet south." I had certainly heard the strain before, for it saluted me "like some well remembered air," but whether in some former state of existence, or at the promenade concerts, I will not undertake to determine.

Where is the marble heart that has not melted over Sterne's pathetic description of Maria, the Maid of Malines, and her favourite goat? Shall a smile of derision prophane the recollection of that mysterious meeting, when I confess the object of the present fair one's lamentation appeared to be another member of the animal kingdom? I could with difficulty catch the murmuring sounds that fell from her lips; they evidently referred to "a donkey," and to some unfeeling suggestion of "wollopping him," if he "didn't go." The bare suggestion of such a return to the faithful brute's affection seemed to fill the lovely wanderer with emotion of indignant denial; and she answered, "No, no, no!" with an emphasis that at once assured you of the impossibility of such ungenerous treatment.

Immediately, an unconscious sympathy arose in my breast for the unknown fair. It was evident she was in distress, or why should she be wandering from her peaceful home, perhaps some rural cot, embosomed in jasmine, on the Surrey side of the bridge, at that hour? Why should she be uttering such dolorous sounds of complaint? She was in grief; and although the subject of her sorrow might only be an ass, was she the first maiden that an ass had taught to suffer? That donkey might have been the donkey of her youth—identified with the years of her smiling infancy; it might have been associated with all that was beautiful, "when love and life alike were new;" it might have been the sharer of her happiness, the consoler of her sorrows? Feelings of philanthropy took possession of me; a love

for the whole human race seemed all at once to animate me. I felt a clinging to my species, and was evidently lapsing out of the poet in the philanthropist. Recollections of the prisons I had visited (in some of which my stay was not altogether the result of pure voluntary benevolence)—of the captives I had cheered,—of the injured and oppressed, whose cause I had vindicated,—of the hospitals I had inspected,—of the charities I had supported, came in a flood to my mind, and gladdened my memory with their retrospection;—certainly I must be somebody else;—why, who could I be, but Mrs. Fry?

The instant I felt conviction of this change in my sex, which, for the reader's information, I beg to state, was made with the same facility as each of my preceding transformations, new feelings of bashfulness and delicacy seized me. As an Irishman, I need scarcely say, I was always a modest man; but I beg to assure those who have never been so metamorphosed, that that is a very different thing to being a modest woman. The first feminine indication I experienced, was a sisterly regard for my unfortunate companion. My sympathies were aroused for her forlorn situation, as well as for the affection which she testified for the brute companion of her thoughts. A sudden conviction that she might have wandered from virtue's track, flashed across me; and with all the benevolence, which was the primary characteristic of my new character, I advanced nearer her! Pointing to the other side of the water, where the Magdalene was standing, I dwelt with all the fervour and eloquence I could command on the excellencies of that institution, which had received so many of her erring sisters to its bosom; and where so many lost sheep had been reclaimed. Nor did I forget to expatiate in glowing terms on the Female Penitentiary, and promised, that even to her its portals should be opened; and that I would myself guard her to its protecting walls. To all which suggestions she made no other reply, than chanting in a more vigorous tone than ever, the burthen of that favourite but mysterious ditty—

D'ye think I would wollop him?  
No! No! No!

Just at the moment, when I flattered myself that my persuasions were about producing the desired influence on the wanderer, and the emphatic "No, no, no" was dwindling into a faintly uttered negative, I was aroused from my dreams of universal philanthropy by a deep sepulchral voice, which muttered from beneath an oil-skin cape "Move on."

Gazing at the form from whence this mysterious mandate emanated, I beheld in the waning moonlight a scarcely perceptible figure, of more than ordinary height, clothed in sombre habiliments. A smile of scornful meaning played on his features, as with a cold and scrutinizing gaze he surveyed us. Awe and astonishment tied my tongue! When I recovered my utterance, I exclaimed, "Who, and what art thou?" in the same low and hollow voice he murmured, pointing to his collar, "I am A 45!"

I had heard my grandfather speak of Wilkes and 45; as if 45 was the most interesting and talked of object in creation. I had heard the same venerable individual refer to those who were out in 45; who were done by 45; and who were beheaded, ruined, and "catawampously chawed" up by the redoubtable 45; but never did I expect to behold with my material eyes the mighty, the mysterious 45 himself.

When the first feeling of surprise had subsided, I, consistently with the new change in my existence, reverently curtsied; the unearthly visitor, however, made no other return to my salutation than a grim smile, and in an instant afterwards passing his arm within my own (which, with the consciousness of the recent change in my sex, I could not but consider as an unwarrantable liberty), he uttered in the same deep tones, "You must come along with me!"

Was this a messenger from the land of spirits come purposely to introduce me to the invisible world? Overcome with feelings of indefinite awe and apprehension, I stood still without testifying the slightest alacrity to avail myself of this unexpected invitation. A frown, however, darkened his unearthly features, and marks of impatience seemed to give them a human though anything but pleasing expression, as he somewhat hoarsely ejaculated, "What, won't you?"

"Where wouldst thou lead me to—spirit or man, I implore you say?" I inquired, with that earnestness of tone and expressive action which my friend Higgs (who does the leading melodramatic business at the Victoria) occasionally assumes in his best parts.

"To the station-house, so come along, and don't stand spouting there like a blessed fool as you are!" was the somewhat coarse rejoinder.

A feeling of doubt for a moment crossed my mind, that this was after all an unearthly messenger, and not a plain, material, matter-of-fact police-constable—but it was but for a moment. The recollection of whom I then was, and what had ever been my mission, the object of my beautiful and philanthropic existence, immediately occurred to me. Was I not Mrs. Fry? and was it not my vocation to visit the cells of the captive, the dungeon of the distressed? How could I be more consistently, more heroically pursuing my destiny than in surveying the interior of a station-house? Should I not there find opportunities for the display of my benevolence—for the practical investigation of those evils which it had been the cherished desire of my previous existence to ameliorate and to reform?

With this comforting assurance, I without a murmur or further hesitation accompanied my mysterious guide, leaving the lovely wanderer to find her own way to the Magdalene or the Penitentiary. Arrived at the station-house, I was received by the inspector with a deference and gravity worthy of my sex and the disinterested object of my praiseworthy life. The worthy functionary was seated at a table with an open book before him; and, after a short colloquy with a subordinate official, he proceeded to write what I presumed to be, and have no doubt was, a brief record of the time when so illustrious a visitor as myself had honoured the establishment with an inspection.

My name being demanded, when I uttered "Elizabeth Fry," the whole of the official party exchanged looks of intelligence. In a moment afterwards, as if aroused to a sense of the honour so unexpectedly conferred upon him, and to the object of my visit, the inspector rose, and with somewhat of an imperious tone awoke two other blue-coated guardians of the night, who were slumbering near the spot on which I was then standing.

In a moment, the object of this movement was intelligible; it was doubtless to enable me to see the interior of the establishment, the economy of its domestic arrangements, the order and classification of its respective wards, and the safety and convenience of its general construction. I immediately prepared to follow my attendants, who, late as the hour was, seemed determined to give my visit all the importance it deserved, by ranging themselves into the following procession:—

POLICE INSPECTOR!

(With charge book in hand, and pen behind his ear.)

TWO POLICE CONSTABLES!!

(With staves of office, and extra cuffs denoting they were on duty.)

MYSELF!!!

GAOLER,

(With a remarkably large and heavy key.)

When fairly ushered within the interior of the establishment,

my conductors, with great delicacy of tact, left me to make my own observations undisturbed; but not, however, until they had pointed out a stone bench, on which I might ruminate at my leisure.

In the midst of my benevolent reflections on the propagation of crime, and the best method for checking its increase, I began to feel drowsy, and in the course of the deep slumber that followed I was visited with a most remarkable vision. Not only was I Rubini, Brougham, Wordsworth, and Mrs. Fry, but each and every of those distinguished individuals at one and the same time; although with a little confusion of their respective attributes. As Wordsworth, I saw myself vehemently applauding Tapsters at the "Cat and Pepper-box;" and again, with doubtful characters, on Waterloo Bridge. With Rubini, I was in fierce debate in the House of Lords, knocking to pieces in a brilliant reply a florid but illogical answer to one of my crack speeches. As Brougham, I was dispensing flannel petticoats, and tickets for a lying-in hospital; and as Mrs. Fry, I was standing before the foot-lights of the Italian Opera, ravishing the ears of a delighted and fashionable audience!

"Another change came o'er the spirit of my dream." Before I was fairly awake, I found myself standing opposite Mr. Hall, the magistrate of Bow-street. How I got there is a mystery yet unexplained—whether I travelled on the triumphal arch of a rainbow, or on the more domestic vehicle of a broomstick, or by the yet more commonplace medium of the police omnibus, is a mystery like the authorship of the letters of Junius, and the murder of Mrs. Donatt, yet to be explained. I will not, however, undertake to relate what passed on that my first introduction to that excellent magistrate, for my recollection is, I am free to admit, rather confused. The circumstance, however, formed the subject of a cruel hoax, which some good-natured friends pointed out to me in the newspapers of the following day. I merely insert it here as an instance how truth may be perverted; the reader is aware, from my own candid revelations, of the real facts. I feel, therefore, already possessed of his indignation when he reads the following pretended report of my examination.

"BOW-STREET.

"A middle-aged gentleman of respectable appearance, whose name was entered in the charge sheet as ELIZABETH FRY, but whose real cognomen appeared by some cards in his possession to be CORNELIUS O'CALLAGHAN, was brought before Mr. Hall yesterday morning on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

"Police-constable A 45 deposed, that he found the accused on Waterloo Bridge, between four and five o'clock that morning, talking in a very excited strain to a nymph of the *pavé*, and refusing to discontinue at witness's request. Mr. O'Callaghan talked a good deal of spirits, and according to the policeman's testimony it was very certain that he had been making tolerably free with them.

"Mr. O'Callaghan, however, vehemently repudiated the idea of his being intoxicated; but unfortunately for the consistency of his defence, a cool slumber in the station-house had not completely restored him to the customary enjoyment of his intellects. After a rambling speech, in the course of which he introduced very frequently the names of Lord Brougham, Mr. Wordsworth the poet, Signor Rubini, and Mrs. Fry the celebrated philanthropist, he, with the gravest face imaginable, thanked the worthy magistrate for his politeness in obtaining for him so excellent an opportunity of inspecting the prison discipline, which he assured Mr. Hall he should give a most faithful account of in his next report to the House of Commons.

"Mr. Hall having politely expressed his satisfaction that the accused had been so much gratified, fined him five shillings for being drunk; and Mr. Cornelius O'Callaghan, alias Lord Brougham, alias Signor Rubini, alias Mr. Wordsworth, alias Mrs. Fry, was accordingly discharged, with a friendly recommendation not to be in too great a hurry to visit the court a second time."

#### ELLISTON AND BANNISTER.

An incident, humorous in its way, occurred during Elliston's brief campaign at the Manchester Theatre, for which we by no means vouch, but give only on report. Jack Bannister happening to be at Manchester at the time, though not of the company (having refused, in fact, to take any engagement), by way of amusement induced Elliston to advertise him under a feigned name, for some small part in a comedy, announcing at the same time that, between the play and farce, the gentleman would "attempt a scene in the 'Children in the Wood,' after the manner of the celebrated M. John Bannister of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane."

Bannister acted his part in the play, which being very inconsiderable, was suffered to pass unnoticed; at the conclusion of which, the curtain again rose for the imitation. On walks the mimic, in suitable costume, as perfect a *Walter* as ever appeared on the boards of the Haymarket. Bannister here made his bow to some trifling applause, and then entering on the scene, which he had selected for the purpose, went through the whole of it after his best manner.

But the interruptions were many; for scarcely had he spoken three lines, when he was saluted by a most distinct hiss; this was soon followed by a laugh, and presently cries of, "Off, off! trash!—hiss, hiss!"—announced to the *presumer* that he had entirely failed. In fact, he was most completely damned. He now ventured to address the audience—but no,—they would not hear him;—they were thoroughly disgusted at the attempt of imitation, which a journal of the Saturday following declared, was the vilest that had ever been offered the public.

So much for the joke. Bannister enjoyed the affair heartily; but the true state of the case being in a very few days generally made known, Elliston found himself in no little disgrace with his Manchester friends. The laugh was so completely turned against them, that Elliston was compelled to get out of the scrape by a most unqualified apology.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

The number of admission tickets sold for the ball and concert given at Guildhall, on Thursday week, in aid of the funds for the relief of the Polish refugees, exceeded 1800. The expenses for refreshments, quadrille band, &c., amounted to about £450, and, after deducting all necessary outlays, a surplus of about £470 remains to be handed over to the association.

A party of Dublin gambling fellows attended at Newry races on Tuesday se'night, and opened a "hell" in a respectable house in that town. They allowed several to win the first night, expecting to pay themselves with interest; but in the meantime they were "set" and hunted by the police authorities. One gentleman is said to have won £100 from them.

A rumour in Oxford is very generally created, that at the end of the present term the Rev. Dr. Wynter intends resigning the Vice-Chancellorship, and at the same time the Presidency of St. John's College. The disposition of Mrs. Wynter, who has been recommended to try the effects of change of air, is said to be the cause of his coming to this determination.

Mr. W. Farren is gradually recovering from his recent attack of paralysis.

The long-expected rolls for the second dividend of the Burmese prize money have at length been received at the East India House, and the several claimants will, in all probability, be paid their respective demands early next month.—*United Service Gazette*.

The Aire and Calder Company, in consequence of the railway competition, have found it necessary to reduce freights of goods between Leeds and Hull from 27s. per ton, its value a few months ago, to 6s. 8d., the present price.

"It appears," says the *Reformer*, "that the Bishop of Chalons, who was formerly an officer of dragons, treated the censure of the Council in a rather cavalier manner. On receipt of the letter of the Keeper of the Seals, apprising him of the decision of the Council, M. de Prilly is said to have called together his entire chapter, and chanted a *Te Deum*."

It is a remarkable fact that, until last week, the town of Carmarthen, with a population of ten thousand souls, was destitute of that which is so common in every town and almost every village in England, namely, a butcher's shop. One, however, has just been opened.



## ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

## THE SISTERS.

## A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

By HENRY COCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "VALENTINE VOX," "STANLEY THORN," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

ACTING upon the advice of Mr. Darnley, Mrs. Darnley was comparatively calm, and determined to await with patience the issue of Greville's interview with her amiable husband. Nor was the subject again adverted to that day by Darnley. He fully expected that some one would call for the purpose of pleading her cause, and had made up his mind to turn the advocate out without any unnecessary delay; but when in the morning he found that Greville was the advocate engaged, he, instead of exhibiting symptoms of anger, received him with the utmost cordiality and warmth, and acknowledged diverse appropriate congratulations on his marriage, with every demonstration of delight: for, as he knew Greville well, and had a high appreciation of the tenacity with which he adhered to his pet principle, he resolved to adopt that principle himself, with a view to his own complete justification. The subject was not, however, named for some time—various irrelevant topics having been started and discussed with great freedom; but, at length, Greville said, "Well, now, my dear friend, I just want to have five minutes' quiet conversation upon a matter of business."

"With great pleasure," returned Darnley, who, of course, knew at once what that business was.

"It has reference," resumed Greville, "to a certain sort of settlement. Gertrude just called upon me yesterday, to request that I would speak to you on the subject. You know what I mean."

"A settlement—oh—ah—yes—exactly. Ay, the thing was mentioned yesterday—I remember—yes—very good."

"Well, now you and I, you know, can come to some arrangement, of course."

"No doubt of it, my dear Sir, no doubt."

"Well, then, it appears, you see, from what I can understand, that just before your marriage with Gertrude, you promised—or rather, it was understood—that you would make a sort of settlement upon her. You understand me?"

"Oh, perfectly; and I am very glad indeed that you have been thus commissioned to arrange the thing with me. Mr. Greville, you are a man of the world, and, therefore, as a man of the world, I can speak to you on this subject without the slightest apprehension of being met with vulgar prejudices and narrow views."

Greville bowed, and with a smile which plainly signified that the compliment met his entire approbation.

"It is perfectly true," pursued Darnley, "that it was, as you observe, understood that this settlement should be made immediately after my marriage with your amiable sister. Very well. Now you see, Mr. Greville, I previously to this, entertained the belief that at least the majority of those domestic evils which afflict married persons in a decent sphere were ascribable chiefly to the fashion of making wives, in a pecuniary sense, independent of their husbands. I was, therefore, at first most unwilling to follow a fashion which, to me, appeared to be so pernicious; but being, on reflection, convinced that, if this settlement were to be made, it would be made, and that, if on the other hand, it were not, it would not, I countenanced this understanding as a matter of course."

"Very good," observed Greville, "very good. You countenanced it, in the firm conviction that you had no control, either one way or the other."

"Precisely! knowing that things must take their course."

"Excellent!"

"Well, what follows? Why, that this settlement has not been made; which alone, at once, comprehends all; inasmuch as it is, of course, abundantly clear, that if it were to have been made, it must certainly have been made."

"I perfectly agree with you: oh! I quite agree with you."

"While the fact of its not having been made affords the strongest conceivable proof that it was not to be made."

"Exactly: that is to say, as far as we have gone. That would be ridiculous, indeed. I may have to do it still; and, if I have, it will be done; nothing can be more clear, or more certain, than that. But it cannot be done, unless I am to do it."

"Of course not! No, that's altogether out of the question."

"I am happy, Mr. Greville, to speak on a subject of this description with a man of the world like yourself. There are, unfortunately, but few men to whom I could explain myself on a point of this character with any effect. I should not be understood. My views and feelings would be mistaken. Many would contend that my conduct was dishonourable, and ascribe to me all sorts of unworthy motives. They would say at once, 'Why, as you made the promise, you ought, as a matter of course, to perform it.' But you—who perceive the absurdity of making promises, on the one hand, and of censuring a man for the non-performance of promises, on the other—can be guilty of no such folly. It is, I repeat, quite refreshing to converse with a man of your character, seeing that it is only from such a man as you that one can expect justice."

"And I assure you, Mr. Darnley, that I am much pleased to find that your views on this great point so strictly coincide with my own. It is absurd to make promises, and equally absurd is it to condemn a man because he is rendered unable to perform them. I perfectly agree with you; and, as we understand each other now, Mr. Darnley, why, as far as this settlement is concerned, we need not say another word about the matter, seeing that the whole thing amounts to this, that, if you are to make a settlement, you'll make it."

"Exactly. And now, my dear Sir, let us have a glass of wine. I have been delighted, I assure you, with this conversation, and I trust that our friendship may be permanent."

Greville responded to this with great politeness; and, when the wine had been produced, they sat, and sipped, and chatted on various subjects, with apparently the most perfect unanimity of feeling.

Mrs. Darnley, however, during the whole of this time was in a state of suspense the most painful. It is true she inferred, from the fact of the wine having been ordered, that Greville was making great progress towards the realization of her hopes; but having made up her mind to leave Darnley at once, in the event of his making a settlement upon her, she naturally wanted to know the result.

Of course, this impatience on her part was not for one moment considered by Greville. He was, in fact, so highly pleased with Darnley, that while conversing with him he scarcely thought of her at all: nor would he, on leaving him, have remained to communicate to her the result of the interview, had she not been on the *qui vive*. He would not have considered it necessary: it wouldn't have struck him; but when, as the bell rang for the servant to let him out, she encountered him on the stairs, it did occur to him that she might, perhaps, feel a little anxious, and he therefore at once led her into one of the parlours.

"Well, Alexander," she inquired impatiently, "well, how is it to be?"

"Oh, make your mind easy, Gertrude."

"Then he has consented to settle all upon me?"

"Why, if it is to be done, he will."

"If it is to be done! Alexander! what am I to understand by that? It must be done, sir!"

"Well, then, of course he'll do it."

"But when will he do it?"

"Why, when it must be done."

"Alexander, I am not to be trifled with: when I ask you, sir, a straightforward question, I expect to have an equally straightforward answer. Will he make this settlement, or not?"

"Why that, it is impossible for us to tell."

"Has he consented to do so?"

"No."

"Has he refused?"

"No."

"Then what on earth has he done?"

"Why, he has proved himself to me to be a man of strong mind and sterling sense."

"How, how has he proved this?"

"Why, by his comprehensive view of things, and general conversation."

"Alexander, what does he mean to do in this matter?"

"Really, Gertrude, it is perfectly useless to talk about what a man means to do: the great point is, what *must* he do?"

"What must he do! Alexander, I have positively no patience with you. Upon my life you are getting worse and worse. Do you wish to drive me mad?"

"No, Gertrude, no! certainly not."

"Then tell me at once—without being ridiculous—whether I am to have a settlement or not?"

"Now really, as I said before, it is quite impossible for us to tell, Gertrude."

"Has he consented, or has he refused?"

"Why, he has neither consented nor refused absolutely."

"What is the result of your interview with him?"

"The result cannot at present be known."

"What good, then, Alexander, have you done by coming here?"

Greville couldn't tell. He pouted his lips and opened his eyes very widely, but made no reply.

"One question more, Alexander, and I have done—do things remain as they were?"

"Precisely."

"That's sufficient. Heaven help the woman whose brother is a fool!"

That was harsh—very harsh. Greville felt it to be so as she indignantly bounced from the room. But he was not, therefore, angry!—how could he be angry? Of course he couldn't help it. How could she then be blamed? He didn't blame her. He pitied her, certainly, and quitted the house!—but the door was scarcely closed before she was with Darnley.

"Mr. Darnley," she observed, as she entered the room in which he was laughing very merrily indeed, "Mr. Darnley, I have one important question to ask you—a question to which my brother, it appears, can give no definite answer; it is this: do you or do you not intend, sir, to perform your solemn promise with respect to my settlement?"

"My dear friend, what do you mean?"

"I beg, sir, that I may not be sneered at: you perfectly well know what I mean."

"Explain yourself, my dear, and be tranquil."

"I am tranquil—perfectly tranquil. All I wish to know is, whether you mean to perform your promise or not."

"My grand promise, dearest, I have performed. I promised to marry you!—have I not done so?"

"You have; but what was your object in marrying me?"

"What was your object in marrying me, my dear?"

"Sir!"

"Oh! I'll answer for you. It was to be revenged on Lady Cleveland, my love!"

"It is false!"

"Use better language, my sweetest angel, or without any ceremony I'll turn you out of the house. It was to be revenged on Lady Cleveland! And now I'll tell you why I married you. I married you, my love, solely because I conceived you to be rich, and if you imagined for one moment that I married you for any other purpose, you were a fool. I am candid, your perceive, my most beautiful girl—oh, most candid—as candid as you wished to appear, my own darling, before our happy marriage took place."

"Better language, my love! I will use better language if you wish to remain here. The fact is, my sweet girl, we were both very artful; but it happened that you were not quite artful enough!—that, my love, is the secret. As far as this settlement is concerned, you should not have been in quite so much haste, my dear! You ought to have had it completed, my sweetest, before our conjugal felicity commenced. But your passion for me was so excessively ardent, and mine for you was so intolerably strong, that really delay was out of the question altogether."

"Are you not a vile wretch? Answer me that!"

"Old woman, answer me this."

"Heartless creature! I will not endure it!"

"Be calm: oh, be calm!—Did you for a moment imagine that I could have the slightest love for you?"

"Did you not endeavour to make me believe that you had?"

"That was my game! But did you believe it?"

"I did."

"Gods! at what age is a woman free from vanity!"

"I will not be thus insulted!"

"You have your remedy, my darling! You can leave my house whenever you think proper!"

"Your house, wretch!"

"My sweet girl, you will remember that I have said—more than once!—that I shall turn you out unless you use somewhat more elegant language. I have, however, no more time, darling, to waste with you now; but I beg of you to recollect that, and be cautious. Adieu, dear—Adieu, my beauty!"

He then, with a loud laugh, left her in tears, and she felt that her fate was irrevocably sealed. What was she to do? What could she do? It was folly to say that she would not submit to be thus deprived of all she had possessed, inasmuch as she had placed herself entirely at his mercy. Still, feeling it to be utterly impossible for her to continue to live with so brutal a person, she rejoiced in the prospect of his being prevailed upon at least to sign a deed of separation.

In a few days, however, such a deed became unnecessary—quite!—for, assuming a tone of comparative kindness, he took her down to Cheltenham, where—as he came up immediately on business of great importance—he left her; and there she remained until her letters were opened by the post-office authorities, and returned, when she hastened back to London, and found to her horror that the house had been cleared, and was then to be let.

(To be continued Weekly.)

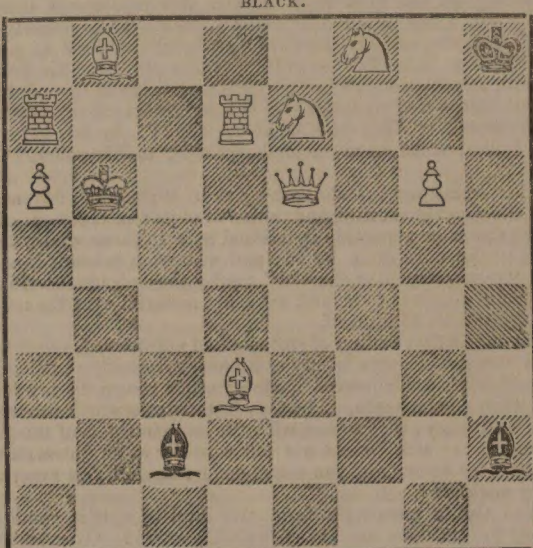
## CHESS.

We this week give the first game of the match now playing for 200 sovs in Paris between Mr. Staunton of London and M. St. Amant of Paris. M. St. Amant had the white men and the move.

- |                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| M. St. A.           | MR. H. STAUNTON. |
| 1. K P two          | K B P two        |
| 2. K B P two        | K P one          |
| 3. K Kt to B 3rd    | Q Kt to B 3rd    |
| 4. Q B P one        | Q P two          |
| 5. K P one          | K Kt to R 3rd    |
| 6. Q Kt to R 3rd    | K B to K 2nd     |
| 7. Q Kt to B 2nd    | K B P two        |
| 8. Q P two          | Castles          |
| 9. K B to K 2nd     | Q B to Q 2nd     |
| 10. Castles         | Q R to Q B sq    |
| 11. K to R sq       | Q B P takes P    |
| 12. Q B P takes P   | K Kt to B 2nd    |
| 13. K R to K Kt sq  | K to R sq        |
| 14. K Kt P two      | K B P takes P    |
| 15. R takes P       | Kt to K R 3rd    |
| 16. K R to Kt 3rd   | Q B to K sq      |
| 17. K B to Q 3rd    | Q B to K R 4th   |
| 18. Q to K Kt       | K B to K R 5th   |
| 19. Kt takes B      | Q takes Kt       |
| 20. Kt to K sq      | Q Kt to Q Kt 5th |
| 21. Q B to Q 2nd    | Kt takes B       |
| 22. R takes Kt      | B to K Kt 3rd    |
| 23. Q to K Kt 3rd   | Q to K R 4th     |
| 24. K R to Q Kt 3rd | Q to K 7th       |
| 25. Q to K 3rd      | Q to K B 8th ch  |
| 26. Q to K Kt sq    | B to K 5th ch    |
| 27. K R covers      | B takes R ch     |
| 28. Kt takes B      | Q takes Kt ch    |
| 29. Q to K Kt 2nd   | Q takes Q        |
| 30. K takes Q       | Q R to Q B 7th   |

Problem No. 45.—(By EDWARD.)

White to move and mate with a pawn in thirteen moves, undertaking to lose all his men, except his king and that pawn.



WHITE.  
Solution in our next.

## EXPENSES OF THE LAW.

The case of *Ranger v. the Great Western Railway Company* involved upon the question of amount almost as important results as were embraced in the great case of *Small and Attwood*. We are able to lay before our readers some of its statistics. The first bill was 812 folios, the amended bill 1157. The first supplemental bill 341 folios, the second supplemental bill 525 folios. The first answer 1299 folios, the second 132 folios, the third 212 folios. The documents admitted upwards of 800 folios. The plaintiff's evidence, 1865; the defendant's, 405 folios. Total of folios, upwards of 6736, for which an office copy charge was made of 10d. per folio, besides voluminous affidavits. Short-hand notes on collateral arguments, 2200 folios. Observations, 30 brief sheets. The total brief, embracing these copies, for counsel, would be nearly 960 brief sheets. Sir Wm. Follett's fee was 300 guineas, and 100 additional, with sundry other fees, making £500. Mr. Stuart had 220 guineas, and 100 additional; Mr. Richards, 220 guineas; Mr. Stevens, 150 guineas, and 50 additional. In the early stage of the case the counsel had fees as follows:—First counsel, 150 guineas; second ditto, 125 guineas; third ditto, £80; besides numerous other smaller fees, making a total in counsel's fees alone of nearly £2000. The Vice-Chancellor has already ordered the plaintiff to pay a great part of the costs of these matters! The case was five years in progress, and the same solicitors were for the company that were engaged in *Small and Attwood*, namely—Messrs. Swain, Stevens, and Co., Frederick-place, London. The short-hand writers' bills amounted to nearly £400! Thus it will be seen that going to "law" is a rather expensive amusement.

## A NOVEMBER NIGHT.

It was night—a night in autumn, cold, raw, dreary, dark, and rainy, although the very night which closed in upon so calm a day as we have described in our last chapter—a true emblem of human life—the uncertain calm and the sudden tempest, mingled like colours, in which no eye can detect where they begin, or where they end, for the smiles and the tears of the season drop from the selfsame sky: it is still the face of heaven, whether seen in sunlight or in storm. A bitter bleak wind blew from the north; one of those cold, clipping winds, which shears summer of every remnant of faded beauty, and sends the yellow leaves by hosts into deep hollows, there to be rained upon and rotted; and, when winter comes, he finds the work of desolation ready done to his hands, so moans, and blows, and roars over it, because nothing is left for him to destroy; so he whistles through the "looped and windowed raggedness" of miserable man. It was a night in the month of November, when London gasps for breath, and every street seems suffocated with dense and heavy fog; while on it drives the rain and the wind, as if to wedge the heavy mass more closely together; when old hollow churchyard coughs call to each other across the streets with a melancholy greeting, while asthmatical people wheeze and blow as they walk along, with their mouths tied up, as if they breathed through an atmosphere of vitriol. It was that miserable month in which Englishmen make up their minds to feel perfectly wretched, after they have returned from their favourite watering-places, or from a journey to the sweet green country; when they feel dissatisfied with themselves, their shops, their homes, and their streets, so get into dark and gloomy corners and poison themselves like rats; or hang themselves on old, decaying beams, with cold, damp, mouldy ropes; or, with rusty and forbidding-looking pistols blow out their brains. When the Lord Mayor's show creeps slowly along through the drizzling atmosphere, or winds up the muddy and slippery streets, while the music falls upon the car like the wailing tones of misery; and people sneeze and cough, stick up their shoulders, and thrust their hands into the very bottom of their pockets, as if they had carried off a thousand colds while waiting on the bleak bridges, and can still feel the breeze that blowed there creeping through the very marrow of their bones. A night on which the very gaslights seem to look down with pity and contempt upon the poor street passengers, as if they, warm and comfortable, and well-covered on the head, and placed high above the mud and grease of the pavement, felt for us poor mortals, in weather-stained mackintoshes and time-worn old cloaks, while, shrouded beneath old cotton umbrellas, we go coughing and grubbing along our way. Such a night as, if a man entertain any thoughts of destroying himself, the wind and the wet beat bang into his ear, and tell him that he will never have a better chance, while the fog gathers more closely about him, and seems to say, nobody can see you do it. When a man, who is compelled to walk four miles, envies the dog which he sees coiled up on some door-step, and feels a strong inclination to roll himself up beside the comfortable-looking brute, and there await the coming of another day. A night when a miserable man cannot pass a barber's shop without thinking of the cold blue razor he has left at home; or, if he takes up a newspaper, begins to look at once for the murders, suicides, and coroners' inquests, and marvels that the paper does not contain more; or, if he pass over any one of the bridges, gets upon one of the cold seats, and looks over into the far-stretching fog, feels the wet, chill and clammy through his gloves, while his hands rest upon the coping-stone, and would be tempted to turn a somerset, and bid the world "good-bye," were it not for a fear of hitting his head against the buttresses below, or being hooked out again, half-dead, by the Humane Society.—From *Thomas Miller's "Godfrey Malvern; or, the Life of an Author."*

## POSTSCRIPT.

## PROSECUTION OF MR. O'CONNELL.

DUBLIN, Thursday Evening.

The following is a copy of the Attorney-General's notice served upon each of the traversers last night:—

## IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

The Queen against O'Connell and others.

Take notice that her Majesty's Attorney-General will on behalf of her Majesty on Friday next make application to her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench that there shall be a trial at bar in this case, and that such trial be fixed to commence on Monday, the 11th day of December next, or such other day as the Court shall please to appoint, and that the said 11th day of December, and the following days up to and including the 10th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1843, shall, for the purpose of such trial, be deemed and taken to be a part of this present Michaelmas Term, or for such other order as the Court may think right.

Dated this 22d day of November, 1843. WILLIAM KEMMIS, Crown Solicitor,

No. 40, Kildare-street.

Affidavits have been filed in the Crown Office by the accused in order to ground several motions. One of the applications will be to postpone the trial until the 1st of February, 1844. Another application is also to be made, that the trial should be postponed in consequence of the variety of charges to be met, and the number of witnesses who must be cursorily examined. Then arises a third motion similar to one already refused, the obtaining of the endorsement of the names of the witnesses on the back of the bill.

The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer upon Sir Augustus Calcott, R.A., the appointment of Keeper of the Paintings by the Old Masters in the National Gallery, Trafalgar-square, vacant by the decease of Mr. Seguir.

Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has contributed the sum of £20 towards providing the means of education for the poor in Christ Church district, Marylebone.

Sir Robert Peel left town on Friday morning, on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. The right hon. baronet returned on Friday evening, and to-day left Whitehall-gardens for his seat, Drayton Manor.

The Viscount de Chateaubriand, and his secretary, the Marquis d'Espenel, with the Viscount de Tocqueville, arrived in town on Thursday afternoon, and are staying at the York Hotel, Albemarle-street, for the present. M. de Chateaubriand is in excellent health.

PRINCE POLIGNAC AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—The *Times* Paris letter refers at length to an event of considerable interest that had just occurred in the French capital. Some weeks since Prince Polignac had arrived with four of his children to spend the winter there. On Monday last M. Benjamin Delessert (Prefect of Police) addressed to the Prince an order to quit Paris within 48 hours. The Prince expostulated, but M. Delessert said that his instructions were from the highest quarter, and were imperative. The Prince thereupon applied to Marshal Sebastiani, with whom, through the late lamented lady of the Marshal he was connected, and stated to him the extraordinary intimation he had received from the Prefect of Police. The Marshal instantly proceeded to St. Cloud, and in audience of the King, requested that the obnoxious order might be withdrawn. The King positively refused. The Marshal said, "Your Majesty is aware that I would not make a request, compliance with which would be in the slightest degree dangerous to your royal person or the State. I will be bail for the Prince," added he in conclusion. The King was still unmoved, but after some time he said, "If the Prince will write to me."—"I would not allow him to do so," said Sebastiani. "Why, Peyronnet wrote to me."—"M. Peyronnet is at liberty to do what he pleases," said the Marshal; "but if Prince Polignac follow his example in that respect, he will cease to be entitled to my esteem. The Prince has not come here to conspire; conspirators do not move about with a train of four children." The only concession he obtained was, however, an extension of the time to Saturday.

We have heard from a correspondent at one of the outposts that, in consequence of the affair of the William Fraser, of Limerick, the Custom-house authorities are required, by letters from head-quarters, to exercise strict surveillance on vessels bound to Ireland, and particularly for the western shores.

The *Venagh Guardian* states that Miss Vereker, who was one of the parties injured in the attack on Mr. Waller's house in Borrisokane, died on Tuesday morning last, at Finoe, near Borrisokane, Ireland, the residence of her brother-in-law, Thomas Waller, Esq. A coroner's inquest has been held, at which were several magistrates and gentlemen connected with the family. The verdict was—"Died in consequence of wounds inflicted by some person or persons unknown." Mr. Waller still continues in a very precarious state. Mrs. Waller is, we are happy to say, nearly convalescent. The aged and faithful butler, William Larkin, is still confined to his bed, and suffering severe pain from his wounds.

On Thursday one of the workmen engaged on the new buildings erecting in Lincoln's-inn fell from the scaffolding to the ground. He was immediately conveyed to King's College Hospital, Portugal-street; but, on his arrival there, it was found that he had been almost instantaneously killed by the accident.

THE BUTCHERS' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—The anniversary dinner of this society was held on Thursday at the London-bridge Tavern. The supporters of this excellent charity mustered in large numbers, as considerably more than 300 sat down to an abundant dinner. Mr. C. Pearson in the chair. The chairman's appeal on behalf of the charity was, as it deserved, quite successful, and the subscription amounted to over £300. We are informed that there are 53 pensioners supported by the institution, and that the funds are in a flourishing state, amounting to £8000.

REPEAL OF THE CORN-LAWS.—CLAPHAM.—A meeting was held on Thursday night, at the British School-room, Clapham, for the purpose of forming an Anti-Corn-law Association, to be called "The Clapham, Brixton, and Stockwell Anti-Corn-law Association." Luke Embleton, Esq., in the chair.

THE WEATHER.—A heavy gale from the south-west prevailed during the whole of Thursday, and we fear that we shall hear of much disaster at sea. In the Thames (which rose unusually high on that morning) some damage was done to the shipping. At Lloyd's, last night, information was received that several vessels had been blown out of the Thames and compelled to run northward.

ROBBERY OF BANK NOTES.—Information was yesterday morning given at Bow-street, that Mr. William Creamore, of Leadenhall-street, Leicester, was, at Rugely fair, on Wednesday, robbed of six £5 notes of the Leicester Bank; five £5 notes of Messrs. Butlin and Son's, Rugby; 14 sovereigns; and a canvas bag, with two pockets in the same. A reward of £20 is offered for the detection and conviction of the thief.

POLICE.—QUEEN-SQUARE.—On Friday two young lads named *Irish* and *Riddle*, were fully committed for trial for stealing a quantity of cheese and an odd boot from two shops in Grosvenor-road, Piccadilly, on the previous night; a couple of fine ducks were also found in the pockets of *Irish*, but no owner was found for them.

UNION-BALL.—On Friday, *William Brown*, *George Kelly*, and *George Collins*, were placed before Mr. Trill for re-examination, charged with entering the house of a farmer named Monk, residing at Norton, near Sittingbourne, in Kent, and stealing therefrom the sum of £143, four bottles of wine, and several articles of plate, the particulars of which were given last week.—They were again remanded for further evidence.

## RARE BIRDS.

Vast numbers of the species of birds called the golden, or yellow-crested wren, have visited the beach and neighbourhood of Lydd recently, which is not common, as the oldest inhabitants cannot remember such an occurrence, at least not such numbers at a time. They were easily taken, being very tame; and some were killed by flying against the lantern of the lighthouse.—*Dover paper.*